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FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Complaints of the Opposition Members of the French Assembly.

President Thiers' Reply on the Subject of Their Grievances.

The Legitimists Determined to Keep up Their Party Warfare.

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Remarks of Minister Schenck to the Merchant Tailors of London.

Address of the American Evangelical Alliance to the Emperor Alexander.

FRANCE.

Complaints of the Opposition Members of the Assembly—Reply of President Thiers—Movements of the Legitimists.

PARIS, July 15.—The weather is oppressively hot, and a number of cases of sunstroke are reported. M. THIERS today received a deputation of the members of the Left in the Assembly who complained of the continuation of arrests and the state of siege in Paris, and of the non-removal of the Capital from Versailles. The President, in reply, said that the persons arrested were accused of heinous crimes; that the state of siege will shortly be raised, and that the Capital will be removed to Paris after the recess of the Assembly in October. The Legitimist chiefs declare that their party still remains intact. Despite the manifesto of the Count DE CHAMBORD, some of the members of the party contemplate the issue of a circular proclaiming adherence to the Count under all circumstances, but it obtains very few signatures.

The St. Maur Explosion—Loss of Life Quite Small—Cause of the Accident.

PARIS, July 15.—It is impossible yet to obtain details of the disaster at Vincennes. Explosions continue, and it is dangerous to approach the scene of confusion and calamity. Many persons have been struck by bullets at a great distance from the factory of St. Maur. The buildings and stores used in the manufacture of projectiles have been entirely destroyed. The accident occurred from the unloading of some powder-carts in too close proximity to the machinery used in the preparation of projectiles. It is now thought that the loss of life will prove to be comparatively small.

A later dispatch says: It has been positively ascertained that but one person was killed by the explosion of the projectile manufactory at Vincennes.

Purchases of Arms in America to be Prosecuted—A Successor Named for Archbishop Darboy—Compulsory Military Service.

PARIS, July 15.—In the Assembly today the Government announced that proceedings had been commenced in the Courts against the purchasers of arms in the United States for malfeasance in office. Archbishop GUIBERT, of Tours, has been appointed successor to MGR. DARBOY, as Archbishop of Paris. The Duke of CHARTRES has asked leave to serve with the French troops in Algeria. The Committee of the Assembly upon the Reorganization of the Army has adopted the principle of compulsory service. The National Guards will therefore be dissolved throughout the country. *La France* announces that frank and sincere explanations have been exchanged with the Italian Government on the subjects of the occupation of Rome as the capital of Italy and the status of the Pope.

MINISTER SCHENCK.

The American Minister at the Banquet at the London Tailors—His Remarks on the Relations of the Two Countries.

LONDON, July 15.—The American Minister, Hon. ROBERT C. SCHENCK, attended last evening the annual banquet of the Merchant Tailors of London, and responded to a toast in honor of the United States. In the course of his remarks, Mr. SCHENCK said that the Treaty of Washington had been very much criticised in England, as well as in his own country, but both sides were content to accept it as a wise termination of what had seemed likely to be an endless difficulty. Mr. SCHENCK alluded to the kind manner in which he had been received by all classes of society in England, and expressed the belief that the present era of good feeling between the two nations would be a lasting one. He concluded by the declaration that an alliance between the United States and England would be irresistible.

TOLERATION IN RUSSIA.

Appeal of the American Branch of the Evangelical Alliance to the Emperor Alexander—Religious Freedom Asked for Protestants in the Baltic Provinces and on the Borders of Turkey.

LONDON, July 15.—A dispatch from Stuttgart announces the reception of a deputation from the American Evangelical Alliance by Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, today. The address from the Alliance to the Czar was presented and favorably received. The address, which was prepared in advance, and for which we are indebted to one of the members of the deputation, is as follows:

To His Imperial Majesty Alexander II., Emperor of All the Russias:

The undersigned, citizens of the United States of America, and delegates of the American branch of the Evangelical Alliance, which is an organization composed of Protestant Christians of different denominations and countries, beg leave most respectfully to explain the circumstances which have prompted this appeal to your Imperial Majesty. By increased facilities of intercommunication, the unity of the human family becomes more and more a practical reality. National acts of justice and philanthropy exert a direct influence beyond the boundaries of the countries in which they originate. The benevolent decrees of your Imperial Majesty in reference to the serfs command the admiration of all the friends of humanity in our own land and throughout the world, and had a favorable effect upon our own Government in bringing about, shortly afterward, the emancipation of four millions of slaves.

Confidence in the well-known benevolence of your Imperial Majesty emboldens us to express the profound sympathy felt by multitudes in our own country with a large number of your Imperial Majesty's subjects in the Baltic provinces, whose condition is so graphically described in the report made to your Imperial Majesty by Count BOBRINSKI in April, 1864, and who, by existing laws, are prevented from openly returning to the faith of their Lutheran ancestors. As Americans, we venture to refer to the results of our own national experience as illustrating the effects of religious liberty on the welfare of individuals and the stability of government. By religious liberty we do not intend freedom from all authority, much less that all opinions are equally good, but simply the right of every individual to believe and worship according to his own free conscience, responsible only to the authority of God, as revealed in his Holy Word. In the United States all religious denominations and forms of worship are equal before the law, which, supporting none, protects all, and never interferes with their internal affairs. The Orthodox Greek Church, though with us the smallest as to numbers, enjoys, in every respect, the same liberty as the largest denomination. It may build churches, propagate its opinions and extend its influence as freely in the United States as in the Empire of Russia. This religious freedom we have found not only a relief to the State from agitations and cares, but the surest pledge of social order and national unity, by promoting mutual respect and charity among the different denominations, and by imparting a sense of security to all in the common enjoyment of their most sacred rights. In view of these considerations, we respectfully unite our request with that of our brethren in Europe in behalf of your Imperial Majesty's subjects in the Baltic provinces, that they may be permitted to worship God and to educate their children according to the faith of their fathers, and free preference of their own consciences. Still further, in behalf of American missionaries, distinguished by intelligence, piety, and scholarship, who have labored long and successfully among Armenians, Nestorians, and other Christians, under Mohammedan rule, in Turkey, and on the borders of the Russian Dominions, we beg leave to ask that your Imperial Majesty's Christian Government may be induced to grant, within the limits of its jurisdiction, among all subjects not belonging to the Orthodox Greek Church, liberty of worship and religious instruction, including circulation of the Holy Scriptures.

In support of the meritorial, which we now earnestly and respectfully present, we appeal to the genius of Christianity, which, being spiritual in its nature, requires moral influence and motives, to the sacred rights of conscience, which demand an outward expression in freedom of public worship; to the spirit of modern civilization, which favors religious liberty and seems to anticipate its universal prevalence, and to the precepts of Jesus Christ, whose kingdom is not of this world, and who is "the Head over all things to the Church." In the sincere hope that your Imperial Majesty may have the high satisfaction of adding another to those great acts of benevolence which have inspired the gratitude of mankind, and devoutly invoking upon your Imperial Majesty and upon all Russia the blessing of Almighty God, by whom kings reign and princes decree justice, we subscribe ourselves, with profound respect, your Imperial Majesty's obedient servants,

William Adams, John Crosby Brown, William E. Dodge, Charles P. McIlvaine, Norman White, Nathan Bishop, Salmon P. Chase, Peter Parker, Matthew Simpson.

PHILIP SCHAFF, Secretary.

SPAIN AND CUBA.

Exciting Debate in the Cortes on Colonial Policy—The Mother Country Determined to Keep the Island at any Cost.

MADRID, July 15.—There has been an excited debate for two days in the Spanish Cortes upon the Colonial policy of the Government. A motion submitted by the Opposition, looking to the vigorous prosecution of the war to prevent the loss of Cuba, was discussed, as was also the proposition made by Gen. SICKLES for the sale of Cuba to the United States, and it was resolved to keep the island at any cost.

THE WEATHER.

Meteorological Record.

The following is the Signal Service report of the state of the weather and wind last night, Saturday, July 15, at 11:47 o'clock:

Place of Observation.	Height of Barometer.	Thermometer.	Direction of Wind.	Force of the Wind.	State of the Weather
Augusta, Ga.	29.96	76	N.W.	Light.	Clear.
Baltimore	29.97	77	N.W.	Gentle.	Clear.
Boston	30.00	71	W.	Gentle.	Clear.
Buffalo	29.97	69	W.	Fresh.	Fair.
Charleston, S. C.	29.94	86	S. W.	Gentle.	Fair.
Cheyenne	28.76	81	N.W.	Fresh.	Cloudy.
Chicago	29.84	72	S. W.	Light.	Cloudy.
Cincinnati	29.99	78	.....	Calm.	Clear.
Cleveland	29.93	75	S. W.	Gentle.	Fair.
Corinne, Dash.	29.81	84	S. E.	Gentle.	Cloudy.
Detroit, Mich.	29.93	74	W.	Light.	Cloudy.
Duluth, Minn.	29.95	72	N.W.	Light.	Clear.
Indianapolis	29.94	77	.....	Calm.	Cloudy.
Knoxville	30.01	73	N.W.	Light.	Clear.
Lake City, Fla.	29.96	75	S. W.	Light.	Fair.
Memphis	29.91	81	.....	Calm.	Fair.
Milwaukee	29.94	71	.....	Calm.	Fair.
Mobile, Ala.	30.02	82	.....	Calm.	Fair.
Mt. Washington	29.51	52	N.W.	Gentle.	Cloudy.
Nashville	30.06	77	S. W.	Light.	Clear.
New-London	29.73	69	W.	Gentle.	Fair.
New-Orleans	30.07	79	W.	Light.	Fair.
New-York	29.98	73	S. W.	Light.	Clear.
Norfolk	29.99	78	S. W.	Light.	Clear.
Omaha	29.79	81	S. E.	Gentle.	Clear.
Oswego	29.89	73	S. W.	Fresh.	Fair.
Philadelphia	29.91	70	.....	.....	Clear.
Portland, Me.	29.81	67	W.	Gentle.	Fog.
Rochester, N.Y.	29.91	73	W.	Fresh.	Cloudy.
San Francisco	30.02	64	S. W.	.....	Fog.
Savannah, Ga.	29.97	83	S.	Gentle.	Fair.
St. Louis	29.96	81	.....	Calm.	Clear.
St. Paul, Minn.	29.97	78	.....	Calm.	Cloudy.
Toledo, Ohio	29.85	76	W.	Gentle.	Cloudy.
Washington	29.98	74	N.W.	Gentle.	Clear.
Wilmington	29.98	76	S. E.	Light.	Fair.
Burlington	29.91	76	S. W.	Gentle.	Fair.
Lynchburg	29.93	77	N.W.	Gentle.	Clear.
Cape May	29.91	71	S.	Gentle.	Clear.
Montreal	29.85	71	S. W.	Gentle.	Clear.
Grand Haven	29.93	72	W.	Calm.	Cloudy.
Dayenport	29.86	77	W.	Gentle.	Fair.
Marquette	29.94	68	N.W.	Gentle.	Clearing.
Leavenworth	29.89	83	S.	Gentle.	Clear.
Escanaba	29.93	68	W.	Fresh.	Cloudy.
Pittsburg	29.91	71	N.W.	Light.	Cloudy.

Barometer corrected for elevation and temperature.

Synopsis and Probabilities.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 15—7 P. M.—No important change is reported from the Pacific and Rocky Mountain stations. The area of lowest barometer, which was Friday evening north of New-York State, has moved eastward, beyond our stations. The barometer has fallen slightly north of the Ohio River, and has varied somewhat, but is now again falling on the Gulf coast and the middle and east Atlantic. Cloudy weather has been very generally reported from the Atlantic, and rain is now falling in southern Georgia and Florida. Clear weather has prevailed very generally from Lake Ontario to Missouri and northward. Fresh westerly winds now prevail from Lake Michigan to Lake Ontario.

PROBABILITIES.

No important change is indicated for Sunday. Falling barometer, with increased cloudiness, is probable for the extreme North-west. Renewed clouds and rain, from Alabama, eastward, with pleasant weather in the Middle and Eastern States.

The Canadian System.

MONTREAL, July 15.—The Montreal Observatory will be placed in communication with the Signal Office of the United States War Department from to-day, so that the weather reports, which are daily published in the telegraphic news from Washington, will embrace the observations in the province of Quebec. Dr. SMALLWOOD is placed in charge of the office at Montreal, from whence he will transmit his observations by telegraph to the central office at Washington.

THE SARATOGA RACES.

Another Fine Day and Magnificent Races.

Six Thousand Visitors at the Springs—Ortolan Defeated by Tubman—Splendid Struggle Between Kolus and Defender.

From Our Special Correspondent.

SARATOGA, Saturday, July 15, 1871.

There are now about six thousand visitors here at present, though many come and go daily. All races, religions and classes are represented in this great gathering of pleasure-seekers, and the faces one meets here at the hotels or on the race-course are a study, forming as they do a wonderful panorama, so to speak, of human nature. The tired merchant, fresh from his ledgers and cash-books, drops for a moment all thought of invoices and sales, forgets the condition of the market, and does not seek to know the course of trade. He is here exclusively for enjoyment and rest, and he gets it as best he may amid the round of fashionable dissipation constantly progressing in the place. The artist has left his palette and easel behind him, and seldom ventures to use pencil or sketch-book, so completely is his time taken up. The politician, and there are many of the class here, has apparently ceased to pander in primaries, conventions, or platforms; the only resolution he makes now is to enjoy himself and gain strength for new campaigns, and I must say that the politicians are the only class who do really gain that much desired end. All ostensibly come to Saratoga to get rest and enjoyment by a release from business cares, and to drink the waters, so freely given to all who seek them. But the claims of fashion prevents the complete attainment of all these several ends, so the visitors go the rounds wearily and restlessly, very much like the man in the treadmill, because they are tied to Dame Fashion's chariot and will not be free. Day after day the visitors observe the rounds of fashionable pleasure, and never get tired of the work.

Everything which nature and art could contrive for the mental and bodily comfort of man seems to be concentrated here. Early hours and airy sleeping-rooms bring balmy slumbers, and the visitor rises on his first morning in Saratoga with a blissful sense of refreshment, and looks forward with gratifying irresponsibility to a whole day, or week, or month, with nothing to do. To begin the day, he sits down to a breakfast, where chickens, milk and eggs and trout and berries and vegetables are laid before him, fresh and sweet, from neighboring field and brook. A couple of acres of tables, with snowy cloths, bright glass and glittering silverware, a regiment of obsequious waiters, each ready to rush at the slightest command, a thousand beautiful girls and well-dressed men seated in front of open windows, which reveal vistas of old trees and smooth-shaven turf for the eye, and admitting strains of music for the ear, form the concomitants of this feast. It is a sort of Mohammedan paradise, a glimpse of the happy land calculated to inspire profound pity for all that portion of the human race which can't afford to pay six dollars a day for board. After breakfast the visitors flirt mildly on the piazzas, or as Mr. WALT WHITMAN puts it, "loafs and invites his soul" till just before noon, when he enters his carriage, hack, or mayhap omnibus, and is drawn through country roads to the race-course, where he disports a few hours, returning with a glorious appetite, and a circulation pleasantly stimulated by the excitement of the equine struggles to another feast more gorgeous than the first. Then come more piazza business and dancing, billiards, pools, or a little bout at faro with MORRISSEY to close the day.

The six thousand persons who are here may be approximately divided into three classes: Pleasure-seekers, pure and simple, about three thousand; sporting-men attending the races, twenty-five hundred; invalids who have come only to drink the waters, five hundred. Every one, however, drinks the waters in large or small quantities during the day, but those who really come for the purpose of recruiting their health thereby are comparatively few in number. Some of them are regular visitors, coming every year. A few old ladies and gentlemen are frequently heard to boast that they have been in the habit of coming here every Summer for thirty years. They have studied the analysis and properties of every spring, and take a regular course of drinks. The cathartic springs most in favor with them are the Congress and Hathorn, the Columbian and Crystal being the favorites among the iron tonic springs for elevation of the general health. "Two glasses of Hathorn at breakfast, one Congress before dinner and another after, and a couple of Columbians or Crystals at night," is a course much advised, though not often adopted, for obvious reasons.

A hop was given last evening at the Congress, the affair going off very successfully under the auspices of the stanchies of the house. The iron bridge which connects the second story of the main house with the ball-room on the other side of Spring-street was illuminated and lighted with colored lamps for the occasion, adding a picturesque feature to the occasion. The more fashionable visitors seem to centre at the Congress, and this ball was, in respect to the number of stylish and beautiful ladies present, by far the most attractive of the season.

Dr. BYLANDS, of St. Mark's Church, New-York, will preach to-morrow morning at the Episcopal Church, and Rev. Mr. MORGAN, of Chicago, will speak at the same place in the evening. Revs. JOHN LEYBORN and T. M. EDDY, of Baltimore, will fill the Presbyterian pulpit. The arrivals are numerous this morning, but none of special note are yet announced. The number of departures is larger than on any day this week, consisting of persons who intended staying only long enough to witness the great race of yesterday for the cup. The attendance at the race-ground was visibly less this morning, the grand stand, which was crowded yesterday, being not more than two-thirds full today. The weather was furiously hot at noon, and the track somewhat dusty. The air, however, was beautifully clear, and the green mountains could be seen to the eastward, looming up pile on pile in massive manner, beginning with dark green at the base and shading into dark blue at the top, growing lighter and lighter till the tips disappeared in the azure of the horizon. Other little rain-shower came about 12½ o'clock similar to the one of yesterday, cooling the air, laying the dust and bringing up the umbrellas, without in the least dimming the brilliancy of the sun, which shone through it all undismayed. The races were quite interesting, though, without any specially exciting points, the race between *Tubman* and *Ortolan*, for the $600 purse in the first race elicited considerable applause and was finally won by *Tubman*, after the two had run neck and neck from the half-mile post home. The last race was quite exciting, *Kolus*, *Hampton* and *Defender* passing the stand on the first mile all together, neck and neck. *Kolus*, however, got away on the second mile, winning by ten lengths, with *Hampton* second. The novelty this evening will be an exhibition by the Brothers DIXX, who will exhibit their skill in billiards at the Grand Union Rooms.

There will be three races on Monday; the first a hurdle race five miles over eight hurdles, the entries for which are *Oystermen*, *Belmont*, *Sanford*, and *Tammany*. The second race will be a selling race for two-year olds, three-quarters of a mile. The starters will be *Mollie McIntyre*, bay filly by *Lightning*, *Marinoda* and *Joe Daniels*. The third race will be the Sequel Stakes, for three-year olds. The starters will be *Repress*, *Mary Clark*, *John Merryman*, *Nellie Ransom* and *By the Sea*. On Tuesday, *Longfellow* and *Kingfisher* will meet again in the three-mile race. The principal betting is on the Sequel Stakes, *Mary Clark* being the favorite, the selling for $350; *By the Sea*, $210; *Repress*, $200; *John Merryman*, $15. In the hurdle race, MCDANIEL'S stable, $100, and DONAHUE'S $40. In the Selling Stakes, *Joe Daniels* brings $100; the bay filly by *Lightning*, $110; *Mollie*, $85; *Mollie McIntyre*, $40.

The following is the regular summary of the races:

FIRST RACE.

The first race was for a purse of $500, for all ages, dash of a mile. There were four entries, viz.: W. PENNOCK'S ch. c. *Cadence*, by *Censor*, out of *Rachel Dawson*; CARROLL & COAN'S br. c. *Ortolan*, by *Doncrasle*, out of *Canary Bird*; GEORGE H. RICE'S b. c. *Tubman*, by *War Dance*, out of *Lass of Sidney*, and J. A. GRINSTEAD'S chestnut filly, by *Lexington*, out of *Sally Lewis*. The fine form in which *Ortolan* appeared in his previous race necessarily made him a favorite among the connoisseurs, while the well-known speed and fine breeding of *Tubman* was a great inducement to the Western sportmen to back him strongly. The other two were considered as "outsiders," and could only win by a scratch. The following were a few of the pools sold on the race:

Ortolan	$200	$220	$225	$420	$420	$220
Tubman	175	330	220	400	375	330
Grinstead	85	170	65	105	100	75
Cadence	25	25	10	40	25	25
Total	$455	$745	$520	$965	$900	$650

The first three pools are the quotations of last night, and the last three just previous to the start.

The flag fell and a good start was effected after considerable delay. *Tubman* going away first and *Ortolan* second, the other two close behind. As they went round the turn *Ortolan* went to the front and led *Tubman* a length at the quarter-pole, *Grinstead* four lengths behind and *Cadence* last. Going down the back stretch *Tubman* went up and lapped *Ortolan's* quarter passing the half-mile pole in that manner, *Grinstead* being third, four lengths behind, and *Cadence* struggling in the rear. The race was evidently between the two leaders, the others having no chance. As they went round the lower turn, *Tubman* shot up to *Ortolan's* head, and they came round to the head of the home-stretch yoked. A magnificent contest ensued for victory. *Ortolan* went to the front, and for a moment looked like a winner, but *Tubman* was let go, and coming with a rush, won the race by a length, in the very fast time of 1:44. The rider of *Grinstead*, seeing that he had no chance to win, pulled up and gave *Cadence* the third place. The following is a summary:

SUMMARY.

FIRST RACE.—Purse $500; for all ages; one mile.

GEO. H. RICE'S b. c. Tubman, 3 years, by War Dance, dam Lass of Sidney	1
Carroll & Coan's b. c. Ortolan, 4 years, by Doncrasle, dam Canary Bird, by Albion	2
L. W. Pennock's ch. c. Cadence, 3 years, by Censor, dam Rachel Dawson	3
J. A. Grinstead's ch. f., 3 years, by Lexington, dam Sally Lewis	4

Time—1:44.

SECOND RACE.

This was a selling race, for all ages. Purse $600; one and a half miles; horses entered to be sold for $8,000, to carry their appropriate weights; for $3,000 allowed 7 pounds; for $1,500, 13 pounds; for $1,000, 15 pounds; the winner to be sold at auction. For this contest there were five entries, viz.: *Mohawk*, *Nellie James*, *Midday*, *Belmont* and *Rounder*. The choice of the knowing ones was *Midday*, as her previous performances indicated that she had plenty of speed, and the distance was just her measure, and the result justified their expectations, for she won in the easiest of canters. The following are a few of the pools sold just previous to the start:

Midday	$225	$250	$400	$300
Belmont	175	225	140	200
Rounder	200	120	200	200
Nellie James	110	55	55	100
Mohawk	75	55	80	80
Total	1,510	1,045	1,020	1,380

The distance being a mile and a half, they were started from the half-mile pole. When the flag fell *Midday* went off first, *Nellie James* second, *Belmont* third, *Rounder* fourth, and *Mohawk* fifth. Around the lower turn to the three-quarter pole their relative positions remained the same, *Midday* having a lead of a length at that point. As they came up the stretch, however, *Rounder* came up to the second place, *Belmont* following and taking third. As they passed the stand *Midday* was still first, half a length ahead of *Rounder*, who was the same distance in front of *Belmont*, *Nellie James* a length behind, closely followed by *Mohawk*. Going round the turn *Midday* got further away, and passed the quarter-pole two lengths ahead of *Nellie James*, who had now regained her former position of second place, *Belmont* was third, *Rounder* fourth, and *Mohawk* fifth. On the backstretch their positions remained unchanged, but on nearing the half-mile pole *Nellie James* got closer to *Midday*, she leading a length and a half at that point, *Belmont* was a length behind *Nellie*, but three lengths before *Rounder*, *Mohawk* still in the rear. *Midday* was now going under a strong pull, and notwithstanding this got two lengths away at the three-quarter pole, while *Belmont* was half a length from *Nellie*, he being ten lengths ahead of *Rounder*. *Midday* now got into an easy canter, winning the race by four lengths in 2:30, *Nellie James* second, half a dozen lengths in front of *Belmont*, *Mohawk* fourth and *Rounder* fifth, having been pulled up. After the race, the winner was offered for sale, Dr. UNDERWOOD officiating as auctioneer, but no offer being made over $1,800 she was not sold. The following is a summary:

SECOND RACE.—SELLING RACE.—Purse $600; for all ages; one and a half miles; horses entered to be sold for $8,000 to carry their appropriate weights; for $3,000 allowed 7 pounds; for $1,500, 13 pounds; for $1,000, 15 pounds; the winner to be sold at auction.

SUMMARY.

T. W. Doswell's b. f. Midday, 4 years, by imp. Eclipse, dam Nipette, by Revenue, $1,800, 95 pounds	1
A. Belmont's ch. m. Nellie James, by Dollar, dam Belle de Champs, $1,000, 90 pounds	2
D. McDaniel's b. c. Belmont, 4 years, by Lexington, dam Alabama, by Brown Dick, $1,000, 95 pounds	3
Mr. Parlow's c. Mohawk, 3 years, by Norton, dam Rebecca F. Price	4
D. J. Crouse's b. g. Rounder, 4 years, by Revolver, dam Gentle Annie, by Ringgold	5

Time—2:46.

THIRD RACE.

The last race of the day caused the greatest amount of interest from the fact that *Defender*, a well-known stayer, was to be pitted against *Kolus*, the starting colt of Mr. DOSWELL. The race was for a purse of $600, for all ages, two miles, one four carried being *Fanny Gray*, entered by F. M. HALL; *Kolus*, entered by T. W. DOSWELL; *Defender*, entered by JOHN MORRISSEY, and *Hampton*, entered by DENNISON & CRAWFORD. *Defender* has been off for a long time, and the knowing ones kept away from him and placed their money on *Kolus*, and their judgment proved correct. The following were the rates at which the competitors sold:

Kolus	$1,100	$1,700	$810	$800
Defender	400	525	170	150
Hampton	65	300	190	175
Fanny Gray	35	80	60	50
Total	$1,600	$2,605	$1,170	$975

When the signal was given *Hampton* and *Kolus* went away together, with *Fanny Gray* next, and *Defender* behind. *Hampton* immediately made the running, and rushed away on the turn, and as he passed the quarter-pole he led *Kolus* two lengths, the latter being half a length of *Fanny Gray*, who was the same distance in front of *Defender*. Going down the backstretch *Kolus* was in his usual place, the half-mile pole being a length of space was between them, *Defender* having in the meantime taken the third position from *Fanny Grey*. As they went round the lower turn *Kolus* went up and collared *Hampton* and *Defender* followed his example. As they turned into the homestretch for the first mile, a blanket could have covered the three, while *Fanny Gray* was but a length behind. It was a most beautiful sight as they passed the stand in this position amid the cheers of the spectators. As they went round the turn again for the second time it was evident that *Kolus* would last the longest. He went to the front easily and led *Defender* half a length, the latter having taken the second place and being half a length in advance of *Hampton*, he being two lengths ahead of *Fanny Gray*. As they rushed down the backstretch they began to spread. *Kolus* reached the half-mile pole three lengths in front of *Defender*, who was three lengths away from *Hampton*, *Fanny Gray* being well pumped out, and ten lengths in the rear. On the lower turn *Kolus* had it all his own, and passed the three-quarter pole ten lengths away from *Defender*, who was but a length in front of *Hampton*. All interest in the result was now gone, except for the second place, as *Kolus* won easily by ten lengths, *Hampton* beating *Defender* half a dozen lengths for second place, *Fanny Gray* a hundred yards away. Time—2:36¾.

SUMMARY.

THIRD RACE.—Purse $600; for all ages; two miles:

T. W. Doswell's b. c. Kolus, 3 years, by imp. Leamington, dam Fanny Washington, 90 pounds	1
Dennison & Crawford's ch. c. Hampton, 3 years, by Censor, dam Julia, by imp. Glencoe, 90 pounds	2
John Morrissey's ch. c. Defender, 3 years, by John Morgan, dam Cyprienne, by imp. Herald, 106 pounds	3
F. M. Hall's gr. f. Fanny Gray, 3 years, by Baltimore, dam Fate, by Childe Harold, 87 pounds	4

Time—3:37½.

Regulating Our River Steamers.

The following notice was issued yesterday:

SECTION 1. Whenever any steam-boat shall meet each other on the waters of the Hudson River, or other waters within the jurisdiction of this State, each boat so meeting shall go toward that side of the river or lake which is to the starboard or right side of such boat, so as to enable the boats so meeting to pass each other with safety.

SEC. 2. Whenever any steam-boat shall be going in the same direction with another steam-boat, ahead of it, it shall not be lawful to navigate such first-named boat so as to approach or pass the other boat so being ahead, within the distance of twenty yards; and it shall not be lawful so to navigate the steam-boat so being ahead, as unnecessarily to bring it within twenty yards of the steam-boat following it.

Persons having information, and willing to give it, of infractions of the above statutes, will please send their names and addresses to the Marshal, that the proper suits may be commenced to enforce them.

D. S. HART, Marshal.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Progress of the Indian Trials at San Antonio.

One of the Accused Chiefs Condemned to Death.

Satanta and Big Tree are Shot Dead While Escaping.

Two Indictments for Murder Found Against Mrs. Wharton.

A Question of Privilege in the New-Hampshire Senate.

Testimony on Ku-klux Outrages by a Member of the Order.

THE INDIANS.

Trial of the Kiowa Chiefs in Texas—One of the Number Sentenced to be Executed.

Special Dispatch to the New-York Times.

WASHINGTON, July 15.—The Adjutant-General of the Army has forwarded to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, for his information, a copy of a telegram received at the War Department from Gen. J. J. REYNOLDS, dated San Antonio, Texas, which states that the trial of the Indian chiefs, Kiowas, is progressing at Jacksboro', and that on the 8th instant one of them was sentenced to be executed. The General says he has directed that the chiefs be held until the orders of the President can be received.

Chiefs Satanta and Big Tree Shot While Escaping.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 15.—The Fort Smith, Arkansas, *Era* of July 8, learns from Deputy United States Marshals MCLANDON and BANE that SATANTA and BIG TREE, the Kiowa Chiefs, who were captured at Fort Sill when Gen. SHERMAN was there, and sent to Austin, Texas, attempted to escape from prison, and had actually released themselves from their shackles by gnawing the flesh from their hands and feet, but were discovered and shot dead. Marshals MCLANDON and BANE report that the people of the Texas frontier are very uneasy lest there should be a general outbreak of the reserve Indians upon the settlements to take vengeance for the death of these Chiefs.

THE WHARTON POISONING CASE.

Two Presentments Preferred Against Mrs. Wharton—The Witnesses.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 15.—In the Criminal Court of Baltimore City, today, Judge GILMOR presiding, the Grand Jury came in a little after 2 o'clock P. M. with two presentments against Mrs. ELIZABETH G. WHARTON; the first for felomously, wilfully, and of malice aforethought killing and murdering Gen. WM. SCOTT KETCHUM, U. S. A., by administering tartaric emetic, or some other poisonous drug, on or about the 28th of June, 1871. The second presentment is for attempting to kill and murder EUGENE VAN NESS, by administering poison, about the same time. There were eighteen witnesses before the Grand Jury, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. EUGENE VAN NESS, Mr. and Mrs. HARRIS SNOWDEN, Dr. F. C. WILLIAMS, Dr. S. C. CHEW, Dr. ATKEN, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Baltimore; one of the members being a prominent State Senator. As the case is not bailable, the sheriff will take Mrs. WHARTON into custody this afternoon. The trial causes intense excitement.

Intelligence of the presentment by the Grand Jury was communicated to Mrs. WHARTON by her counsel, shortly after 3 o'clock. Soon thereafter Sheriff ALBERT, accompanied by Marshal GRAY and Deputy-Marshal FRAY, in two carriages, arrived, the carriages stopping in the rear of the residence of Mrs. WHARTON. At 3:40 o'clock Mrs. WHARTON and her daughter, with Mrs. CRAWFORD NELSON and Sheriff ALBERT, took one carriage and the Marshals the other, and were driven to the city jail, arriving there shortly before 4 o'clock. The mother and daughter were deeply veiled. Mrs. WHARTON was then handed to the custody of the warden of the jail. She selected an empty cell, which she was permitted to furnish in the plainest manner, and her daughter was allowed the privilege of remaining with her during the evening. While the case has shocked the entire community, the deepest sympathy is manifested for the unfortunate lady.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Legislative Proceedings—Senator Smith Makes a Personal Explanation.

CONCORD, N. H., July 15.—In the Senate this morning, Senator SMITH, from the Tenth District, rose to explain his position relative to the charges against him. He denied, in general, any duplicity of action or violation of pledge given, if any had been given, and rested in the belief that he should go down to the grave in the full fruition of an unblemished life. As to the report that his son was to have a $2,500 clerkship, as compensation for his position in the Senate, he knew nothing about it. No bribe had been offered him by the Republicans, and of others he would say nothing. Senator JONES regretted that the explanation had been put off to the closing hours of the session. He knew, from his own personal knowledge, the Senator had violated his assurances, others knew it, and, above all, God knew it. He hoped the Senator might rest in peace, but intimated that he must be possessed of a "compensation conscience." Senator CRAM asked if the Senator from the Tenth denied, or in any way questioned, his published statement of a conversation held with him, (SMITH.) Mr. SMITH replied that he did not arrive in the city on the morning in question until 9½, and they could not have had much time for talk, as they soon came to the Senate Chamber. It was expected that Mr. SMITH would make a very strong vindication of his position, and great curiosity to hear him prevailed; but it fell far short of meeting the expectation.

End of the Session of the Legislature—Important Change in the Railroad Law—Democratic Schemes Which Were not Carried Out.

CONCORD, N. H., July 15.—An important innovation in New-Hampshire legislation was made yesterday in the passage of an amendatory act to the general statutes relating to the taxing of land for depot purposes, &c., by railroad corporations. Although similar to the statutes of Maine, Massachusetts and Connecticut, no previous effort has been successful to engraft it on the statutes of this State. This year the Eastern Railroad took hold of it in earnest, and joined by other railroad interests in the State, succeeded in obtaining a reconsideration of the vote, indefinitely postponing the bill and securing its passage. The Republicans left the Capitol in cheerful spirits. The political complications have been far less than were hoped for on the one side or feared on the other. While the Democrats claim that they have made a serious inroad upon the Republican citadel, their opponents are hopeful for better results in the future. The changes in the Judiciary, Councillor and Senatorial districts, and the division of the Cities of Portsmouth, Manchester and Dover into new wards, and the projects for minority representation in towns, all rest in the tomb. The bill for a reduction of salaries of officers, pay of the Legislature, &c., were thrust out of sight without a single advocate. The members and outsiders parted in capital good humor, and the six weeks' session of the Legislature of 1871, so full of keen interest, both in and out of the State, has terminated without severe results in any quarter.

THE WEST INDIES.

Attempted Uprisings at Porto Rico—Anticipated Negro Insurrection in Jamaica.

HAVANA, July 15.—The *Voz de Cuba* announces several seditious attempts at Porto Rico. The authorities have the matter steadily in hand. Otherwise the island is quiet. The Cuban General, LEON TAMAYO, was captured lately and executed at Sancti Espiritus.

KINGSTON, Jam., July 15.—The Government has been advised that the negro squatters intend to attack the Judges of the Morant Bay Court if their decision is against them. It is reported that the insurrection will begin on the 19th or 21st inst. The Government is preparing to meet it. The constabulary have received arms and ammunition, and the troops and the Ashwood volunteers have been ordered to hold themselves in readiness. The Government is alive to the danger, and is determined to teach the negroes a lesson if they rise.

TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

Appointment of the Agent of the British Government to Receive Claims Against the United States—Claimants Notified to Send in Their Papers Forthwith.

WASHINGTON, July 15.—HENRY HOWARD, Third Secretary in Her Britannic Majesty's diplomatic service, officially announces that he has been appointed Agent for Her Britannic Majesty's Government, and is authorized to receive at Washington any claims on the part of corporations, companies, or private individuals, subjects of Her Britannic Majesty, on the Government of the United States, arising out of acts committed against the persons or property of subjects of Her Britannic Majesty during the period between the 13th of April, 1861, and the 9th of April, 1865, inclusive, and which yet remain unsettled, coming within the provisions of Article 12, and the five next following articles of the Treaty of Washington of the 8th of MAY, 1871, and accordingly all persons being subjects of Her Britannic Majesty who may have claims of the nature prescribed in the said Articles, and which they desire to have laid before the Commissioners to be appointed under those Articles, are requested to notify such desire to Washington, D. C., and to transmit to him forthwith the particulars of their claims, together with the requisite documentary evidence or information in support thereof for the purpose of being submitted to the Commissioners. All documents in support of claims now on file in the Foreign Office, together with those which now may be deposited in Her Majesty's Legation at Washington, will be sent to the agent for registration and classification and subsequent submission to the Commission. The United States have not yet appointed their agent.

KUKLUX TESTIMONY.

**Statement of

CURRENT LITERATURE.

SUMMER CALM.

A Summer silence sits upon the lake,
No sound of plashing oar, no herd-boy's call,
To wake the mountain echoes. A soft haze,
A dreamy haze of pale and liquid gold
Hangs o'er the placid waters: glow so pure
As scarce to touch with fire the ruby specks
That gem the trevatling's back.

Now comes the low
Of silver-hot kine, knee-deep within the flood,
And now the hum of the brown-armored bee,
Laden with spoil, of the rich scarlet flowers.
Thus glins amid the sedge; now with sharp
"whirr"
The purple dragon-fly skims idly on,
His brief existence all an easy dream.
The water-hens beside the reedy pool
Pruned or cat-nap, with eager head drawn back,
Mount the clear surface of the dimpled lake,
And strikes it smartly his silver prey.

Here, the broad flags their sturdy pennons wave,
And quietly rustle as the knighly swan.
With arched neck and snowy plumes, sails by:
Here make the tarns no white their pearls hide,
And water-lilies in their chaste white cups
Veil their gold-fringed eyes; a glorious calm
Lies on the bosom of sweet Windermere.
Thought with an under hum of summer peace.
—*All the Year Round.*

THE COST OF A RESCUE.

A day with the hounds affords a glorious excitement practically appreciated by numbers, but it is a question to my mind whether a day with the salvors, or saltwagemen, as they call themselves on the east coast, might not be found equally pleasurable, though possibly somewhat dangerous.

Such were my reflections while looking out of the window of mine inn, watching the laboring vessels on a rough outlandish part of the coast, one wild Winter's afternoon; and having a day to spare, I resolved, if possible, to try the experiment, being personally acquainted with several of the classlike elements also showing that a gale such as would give one a real experience was fast brewing; so sallying forth, I made for the little wooden jetty where I felt pretty sure my men, with spy-glass in hand, would be taking their usual quarter-deck stroll, scanning the horizon for lame ducks—in other words vessels needing assistance.

The spot was soon reached, and as luck would have it, there was my old acquaintance, George Watt, as smart and daring a smackman as ever handled a tiller, pulled an oar, or risked his own life to save another.

"Well, George, what's in the wind now? Looking out for a job?" said I, joining the group.

"I'm looking, Sir," replied he, looking up at the flying scud, "that's plenty of poor fellows will be looking out for us soon, and not a few will be wanting the number of their mess before this time to-morrow, if I know anything of the signs aloft; so we've just agreed to take out the *Sally* on the early morning tide, and see if we can't fall in with something."

"That's just as I expected," remarked I, "and I have come down now on purpose to ask you to take me with you."

"Take you, Sir! take you!" exclaimed all in a tone of somewhat contemptuous astonishment.

"Lord's sake!" said one, "you surely don't mean what you say. It's all very well for the likes of us who are used to it, but (no offense, I hope) it seems to me a sort of crazy thing for such as you to go and risk your life for nothing without no call, and I for one say no."

Here George came to the rescue.

"Stop a bit, mates," said he. "I know this gent better than you, and although he ain't quite a salt, he's smelt a gale or two before now, and knows well how to take care of himself: so I say, that if he likes to take a turn with us in the morning, why, let him; you've no call to fear his being in the way."

So it was, though not very willingly, agreed that I should make one of the party, and after arranging for a loan of the necessary rig-out in regular salvor's fashion, which George promised to bring to my hotel in the evening, I gave the men a trifle for glasses round, and then, receiving strict injunctions as to be ready by 5 o'clock in the morning sharp, I left them.

Having discussed a satisfactory dinner and smoked myself before a cheerful fire, enjoying the fragrant weed, I was fast drifting into dreamland, when George was announced with his bundle; so ordering him a seat and a glass of grog, I made up my mind for an interesting chat on the subject of salvage, or, in the vernacular, "saltwaging," for I had proved him to be an honest, truthful fellow long before.

"How's the world been treating you lately, George? Making your fortune, eh?"

"A rather ragged one, I'm thinking, Sir. Not much chance of a man in my line making a fortune while he has nine young mouths to feed—not as I mean for to complain; I'm better off nor a great many, thanks to my Sally, who's a fortune in herself! She do manage wonderful; and my young one, bless 'em! I wouldn't be without 'em for all the world; but the times is hard for most every one, leastways it seems like it to me; but what's the use o' grumbling? That never did no good, though I do get a bit down like when times is werry bad, but Sally allers cheers me up, and says, 'Never mind, George, you do your duty like a man, and leave the rest to Providence.'"

"Ah, but you get a good haul of money sometimes, George, and I'm afraid don't put it by for a rainy day. Why, I've often read in the papers of cases where the salvors got £200 and more for two or three days' work."

"Quite true, Sir, but you don't know how the money goes."

"Then tell me all about it, George, for it's not clear to me at all."

George scratched his head a minute, and then commenced as follows, only in his own rough way:

"You see, Sir, there are many kinds of salvage, and they don't all pay alike; besides, during a great portion of the year there's no salvaging at all, and except a little chance fishing, we've got to live on what we earned at other times, and often, especially if the weather be fine and we have no luck, we are obliged to borrow from ship-agents and others on the strength of the next job we may fall in with, which is bad in more ways than one. I'll tell you a few cases of different kinds that I've been concerned in; you will then be able to judge.

"There was the bark stranded on the Longsand in March last year. As soon as we saw her signal of distress we bore down, but were obliged to lay to at some little distance, on account of the broken water. There was no time to lose, as the sea was making a clean sweep over her; so we got out our boats, and pulling hard through the surf, with one man baling all the time, we managed in a little while to get on board of her, when we found her to be the *Mary Jane*, with a valuable general cargo. The Captain was glad enough to engage us directly, also five other smacks' crews that came just after us. The ship's crew were quite exhausted; so we set to work at the pumps, carried out kedges and warps through the broken water at great risk to our lives, and then hove all taut as tide made, hoping to get her off, but it was no use; so we set to work and got some of the cargo overboard, taking turn about at the pumps till next tide; but she wouldn't come off then, and knocked about so that we had to cut away the masts to ease her, or she would have gone to pieces. Kept on pumping and throwing more cargo overboard at intervals, and trying to heave her off without success till the third day, when the weather moderating, we got tow-lines to the smacks, and at high water she came off at last, and we towed her, with all hands at the pumps to prevent her sinking, till we got her into port and on to the mud in safety.

"That was one of the best jobs I ever had a share in; for we got £500 among us without having to employ a lawyer, but then we had to divide it into a good many shares, which people don't seem to think of.

"How did we share it? Why, as we always do, Sir. There were six smacks, and seven men on board each, but the smacks take two shares each, so that it had to be divided into fifty-four shares, you see, and I got a little over nine pounds, but never had another job for nearly a month, when we fell in with an old collier, which gave us nearly as much risk and hard work, and only paid three pounds a share.

"The best time is when we get a diving job, if the weather turns out moderate, and the cargo is valuable; for then we sometimes get nearly half the value of what we save, when all expenses have been paid, but it's risky work, and we have to bear all expenses of damage to our gear, whether we save anything or not.

"We often see plenty of floating wreck, sometimes the greater part of a hull in the fairway of vessels, but it's better to let that sort of thing be.

"You think that's too bad, because it must create a good many shipwrecks?

"Well, so it does, Sir; there's no doubt of that, though it would be difficult to prove; but what would you have us do? We can't afford to work at a loss.

"There was part of the hull of a large ship, which some of her cargo of wood in it, floating right in the track of vessels passing up and down Channel last October. Being so low in the water it could not be seen at night, and, always drifting about, it was worse than a sunken rock.

"We and three other smacks tackled it, though it was blowing hard at the time with a heavy sea, and it took us nearly four days to get it into the harbor and safely moored. We then handed it over to the Government Receiver of Wreck, as we were bound to do.

"The Receiver of Wreck had it sold, and gave us all he could, which, when shared, was equal to three pounds a head; but there wasn't much left out of that after paying for damage to tow-ropes and boats, so we made up our minds to have nothing more to do with things of that sort.

"Creeping for anchors and chains, slipped by vessels near the sands in bad weather, used to pay as well as anything in the long run, because there were generally plenty of them; but they have been hardly worth getting since the act of Parliament was passed about their being tested, and we seldom get more than two shillings a hundredweight now. It's hard work, I can tell you, Sir, and only answers when we can't get anything else, as the boats often get chafed and damaged, and you can't call about two shillings a share much for an anchor of ten hundredweight; but, taken along with fishing at times, it helps to keep us in bread when there's nothing else to do.

"I daresay you wouldn't think it, Sir, but the work we get the least pay or shoodrage, most for is saving life. Not that I mean to grumble at that, for I don't think that any of us would be so brutal as to see a fellow-creature drown if we could help it, but it is a strong temptation to a man who has a wife and children at home poorly clad and fed, when he has to choose between incurring the greatest danger to save life, for which in nine cases out of ten he will get next to no reward, and the lesser risk in saving property, for which he will get better, and perhaps handsomely, paid; and all men can't resist temptation alike, you know.

"Have I been concerned in life salvage? Well, yes, I think I've had my share, Sir, and got a good many medals, foreign as well as English, but the one I'm most proud of was given me by the Board of Trade on the representation of the Receiver of Wreck, with a handsome present besides. We only saved seven lives then, but as near as a toucher lost our own in doing it. You see we can't use life-boats, or dress ourselves as life-boat crews do, as we have to gain our bread by saving property, and when one of our boats gets swamped or capsized, there's not much chance for us with our thick over-clothes and heavy water-boots on.

"The most aggravating thing is when we see a lot of poor fellows in the rigging of a ship stranded on the sands, with the sea washing over them, and can't get at them. I've been obliged to look on before now, when the tide has been low, and see men drop from the rigging one by one and drowned, till I've got almost mad when there hasn't been water enough to get our heavy boat through the breakers to them. Sometimes the sight of us cheers them up a bit, so that the strongest can hold on till the tide makes a little; and we don't lose much time then, I can tell you; but you can hardly believe what risky work it is, unless you were to see it.

"But how is it we don't get better paid for such work? Well, I can't say exactly, Sir. The poor fellows we save have not got anything to give, but we do get better paid some times, when any part of the wreck is saved, as we have the first claim on it for saving life, though that's not much nor often on our sands, as the ships mostly settle down very quick, or break up and drive away in all directions. Sometimes, but not often, the newspapers help us, and a subscription is raised; and at other times, if the men saved be foreigners, their government give us medals and a little money, but most times we have little more than £1 or £2 a-head, which the Receiver of Wreck gets us from the Board of Trade.

"Well, George, you have given me something to think of, and have perhaps a will be better to turn in for an hour or two. I'll be at the jetty in time in the morning. Good-night."

Then, deeming it the best plan to follow my own advice, I first arranged the contents of George's bundle ready for use, and very quickly after dropped into the arms of Morpheus, knowing no more till a loud knocking at my bedroom door roused me up, when Boots entered with a light and a cup of hot coffee.

I was soon dressed in my borrowed clothes. Inprimis, a thick blue Guernsey frock over my ordinary under-clothing, next to that a heavy coat of pilot cloth, and over all a canvas oilskin up to my legs, being incased in trousers of thick pilot cloth, with overalls of coarse worsted, and over them heavy grained feather boots reaching to the thigh, a strong sou'wester, covering neck and ears, being tied close under my chin.

I felt like a moving mountain as I stumped downstairs with such a weight of clothing on, and a passing thought suggested that, should I fall overboard, no human power could save me.

Out of doors a gust of wind was that, as issuing from the door into what appeared for the moment to be pitchy darkness, I staggered on towards the jetty, on reaching which I found George and his mates waiting; and getting into the boat, we were soon on board the smack, when I went below with one of the crew while she was being got under weigh.

The *Sally* was a fine vessel of about fifty tons burden, and possessing an amount of personal accommodation such as I never expected to find in one of her class; for her cabin would hold nearly a dozen people with ease and comfort, and besides the broad seats at each side over the lockers, on which were laid heaps of rough dry clothing, there was a roomy stove, securely fixed, containing a fire just lit and fitted with a water-boiler, showing that creature comforts were not quite unprovided for, nor, as I subsequently found, by any means unnecessary.

We were not long in getting under weigh and, though with sails close reefed, bowled on in comparatively smooth water at a splendid rate, in company with three other smacks, bound, as I was told, on a similar speculative expedition. Gliding through a perfect lane of anchored ships which had put in for shelter, whose nodding lights blinking in the darkness caused a strange and somewhat weird effect, we soon cleared the harbor, when, with a plunge that threw something more than spray from stem to stern, our trusty craft felt the full force of wind and sea, then bounded forward like a high mettled racer just loosened from his tether, and I felt a sympathy that made the blood course quickly through my veins.

Now on this tack, then on that, we fought our way along, till, on reaching to windward of the first most dangerous sand, the gale increasing to a hurricane, we lay to.

None went below, and amidst the howling gale and roaring of the angry sea, which seemed lashed into a perfect fury, we each held on and mutely watched for signals of distress from any vessel within range of sight. It was just daybreak, when a sudden squall of blinding snow and hail swept swiftly over us, like a huge white pall suspended by an evil angel, which for a time hid everything from sight.

As last it clears, and daylight opens up to view a signal of distress from a small vessel stranded on the sand some distance off. No time was lost. With sheets hauled taut, away the gallant *Sally* flew to the rescue, and as she ever and anon almost buried herself in the heavy sea, onward we sped, a race for life; for it was soon clear to our experienced eyes that the stranded vessel could not long hold together, with the waves leaping clean over her as if they longed to sweep away the shipwrecked crew, whom we could just see clinging to the rigging as a last resort, and doubtless praying that help might come.

"See, there's another!" shouted one of our crew; and sure enough, there was a large full rigged ship flying a signal of distress, and, of the two, nearer than the schooner, though on a different tack. She would be something like a prize.

George, who was at the tiller, gave the stranded ship but a momentary glance, and made no remark.

"Come, George," urged two or three almost together, "don't let us lose such a chance as we've not had for many a day; bear down to the big ship first, and take the other after."

It was the silver temptation certainly. Here, close at hand, was a prize worth thousands, with comparatively little risk; there, but a human life to be saved, probably at the risk of their own, and little or nothing to be got by it in the way of reward.

George stood it like a rock, as with set teeth he said,

"No, mates, no! Be men; we may want help ourselves some day; we'll take our chance for the big ship by and by. Look at yonder poor fellows clinging to the rigging of that schooner; they see us making for them, and we are nearing fast. We've had many a cruise together, mates, and never yet passed by a drowning crew, nor will we now, so let us keep our course."

No more was said, and our little bark dashed madly on as though she sympathized with her noble-hearted master, and was eager to be there. Methought there's many a so-called virtuous man on shore who would not pass so clearly through such temptation as these poor men have done at the instance of one determined honest-hearted man among them!

At last we reached the spot as near as prudence would permit without stranding our own little craft, and I was glad to see two other smacks approaching. We were not a bit too soon. The doomed vessel had taken a dangerous list to leeward with the rising tide, and the waves, dashing clean over her, threatened each moment to sweep away the exhausted crew, who were clinging to the rigging.

The boat was quickly launched, and manned by George (who took the lead) with four others of our crew. Sturdily they pulled through the dreadful surf, each moment in peril of being beached or swamped.

They reach the wreck at last, and bringing their boat under the overhanging masts, two of the ship-wrecked crew drop into her from the rigging. Exultant I shout; when, O horrible! a huge wave with terrific force throws the doomed ship entirely on her beam-ends, burying the hapless boat and her noble crew under her spars and rigging.

To swim with their heavy boots and load of clothing would be utterly impossible; when, to my intense, though but momentary relief, I see they have succeeded in clinging to the rigging, save one, and that one George. O, where was he, the noblest of them all! To look on helplessly and be unable to render any aid was maddening. O, that we could get near enough to throw a line! But it was quite obvious that to approach nearer than we were would only have added another wreck and useless sacrifice of life. Hurrah! the two other smacks are up; they see it all, and with double boats and a straining every nerve, the gallant fellows pull furiously to the rescue. It was a race for life indeed, and nobly ran. They reach her simultaneously.

Breathlessly I look on. A moment's pause takes place. It's clear they cannot close on the wreck as, when surging in the boiling sea, her spars and rigging would swamp them both. They have it! Pulling to the weather-side, they hail the shipwrecked men, whom I now see divesting themselves of their heavy clothing as fast as circumstances would permit, and watching their opportunity, as the waves rose and fell a line from each boat was thrown across the surging ship, to which a man made himself fast and was quickly drawn through the raging surf into one or other of the boats, till all were in like manner gathered in. All! alas that I should have to say it, not all; poor George was for a moment seen entangled in a sail beyond all human aid, and then he disappeared. It was indeed a saddening sight never to be forgotten; but others, including ourselves, were still in danger, and at such a time regretful thought must be lost in action.

We soon received on board our own rescued men and two of the shipwrecked crew, the remainder being divided between the two other smacks. The doomed ship immediately after went to pieces, and the gale, as if satiated with its victim, now sensibly abating, it was useless remaining longer on the fatal spot; so we lost no time in making sail for home with our nearly exhausted crew, passing the tempting big ship (now in other hands) without a word, almost without a thought.

It was a relief to go below and find that I could be of some use now, for one of the shipwrecked crew was all but gone, and for some time required unceasing attention, such as I could bestow, while a portion of our crew assisted their disabled comrades. Warm, dry clothing, hot coffee, and provisions were soon produced, and it did one's heart good to see the kindness shown by these rough men to one another, especially to the nearly drowned man—a foreigner who could not speak a word of English. All got somewhat to rights by the time we reached the harbor a few hours after, when our craft was brought to an anchor, and getting into her boat, we pulled for the little jetty, a sad and silent crew—for then it was that we fully missed our noble messmate.

What a contrast to the morning! Who could face the loving wife and helpless children so graphically described to me by poor George but a few hours before? I felt that I could not; but after a short consultation held on landing, a volunteer was found in one of his oldest friends, who promised that he would get his wife to join him, and at once break the wretched news as gently as possible ere it could reach her through a rougher and less kindly channel.

No sleep for me that night. I had, indeed, gained an experience which kept my mind at work, and effectually prevented rest to a wearied body; so, after taking a frugal breakfast in the morning, I went forth to see the Government official, whom I was told both could and would, as receiver of wreck, afford me every information in regard to whether anything, and what, could be done for my poor friend's widow and fatherless little ones. It is but justice to say that on telling him the sad story, I found him almost as much interested as myself. He knew poor George well, and confirming the truthfulness of what he had told me the preceding day, showed an evident willingness to befriend the sorrowing ones he had left behind. But after carefully consulting every authority at his command, it came to this, that there was no provision for such a case, and they must be left to the cold hand of charity in a spot where all were poor; so, placing in his hands all the pecuniary aid I could just then spare to meet their present necessities, I left him with a saddened heart, and the bitter reflection that those most dear to one who had nobly sacrificed his life to save others would be left to chance, so far as the world might know or care.

But should this be so? Surely in a wealthy country like old England, which depends so much on its brave-hearted seamen, and boasts more charitable institutions than any other nation, something might be devised to meet cases of the kind.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

THE SONGS OF BIRDS.—There is a beautiful propriety in the order in which singing-birds fill up the day with their pleasing harmony. The accordance between their songs and the aspect of nature, at the successive periods of the day at which they sing, is so remarkable, that one cannot but suppose it to be the result of a benevolent design. First, the robin—not the lark, as has been generally imagined—as soon as twilight has drawn its imperceptible line between night and day, begins his artless song. How sweetly does this harmonize with the soft dawning of the day! He goes on till the twinkling sunbeams begin to tell him that his notes no longer accord with the rising sun. Up starts the lark, and with him a variety of sprightly songsters, whose lively notes are in perfect correspondence with the gayety of the morning. The general warbling continues, with now and then an interruption by the transient note of the raven, the scream of the jay, or the pert chattering of the daw. The nightingale, unwearied by the vocal exertions of the night, joins his inferiors in sound in the general harmony. The thrush is wisely placed on the summit of some lofty tree, that its piercing notes may be softened by distance before they reach the ear; while the mellow blackbird seeks the lower branches. Should the sun, having been eclipsed by a cloud, shine forth with fresh effulgence, how frequently we see the goldfinch perch on some blossomed bough, and hear its song poured forth in a strain peculiarly energetic; while the sun, full shining on his beautiful plumes, displays his golden wings and crimson crest to charming advantage. Indeed, a burst of sunshine in a cloudy day, or after a heavy shower, seems always to wake up a new gladness in the little musicians, and incite them to an answering burst of minstrelsy. As evening advances, the performers gradually retire, and the concert softly dies away. At sunset, the robin again sends up his twilight song, till the still more serene hour of night sends him to his bower of rest. And now, in unison with the darkened earth and sky, no sooner is the voice of the robin hushed, than the owl sends forth his slow and solemn tones, well adapted to the serious hour.—*Once a Week.*

A RIDE THROUGH A TROPICAL FOREST.

The trees shook hands high overhead,
And bow'd and intertwined across
The narrow way, while leaves and moss
And luscious fruits, gold-hued and red,
Through the cool canopy of green,
Let not one sunshaft shoot between.

Birds hung and swung, green-robed and red,
Or drees'd in curved lines dreamily,
Rainbows reversed, from tree to tree,
Or sang tow-hanging overhead—
Song low, as if they sang and slept,
Sank faint, like some far waterfall,
And took no note of us at all.
Though ripe nuts crushed at every step.

How can the monkeys through the leaves!
How could they through, brown-clad and blue,
Like shuttles hurried through and through
The threads a hasty weaver weaves!
How quick they cast us fruits of gold,
Then loosen'd hand and all foothold,
And hung limp, limber, as if dead,
Hung low and listless overhead;
And all the time, with half-oped eyes
Bent full on us in mute surprise,
Look'd wisely too, as wise hens do,
That watch you with the head askew.

The long days through from blossomed trees
There came the a wee song of sweet bees,
With chorus-tones of cockatoo,
That shd his beak along the bough,
And walk'd and talk'd and hung and swung,
In crown of gold and coat of blue,
The wisest fool that ever sang,
Or had a crown or held a tongue.
—*From Songs of the Silence, by Joaquin Miller.*

A LAME CONCLUSION.

I was on my way home from a "Monday [illegible] were arrested by the sight of a female [illegible] figure. She was young, and was attempting to [illegible] in face and figure, and she stood irresolute in Portland-place, crying.

If I had had time for reflection, I should certainly have passed on without taking any notice, for to speak to a young lady without an introduction is a very rash act. To be convicted of doing such a thing, before a London Magistrate, would stain one's character very considerably, and there is no knowing what coarse hysteria might dictate, and an active policemen adopt; it is impossible to be too cautious. But I did not take time to reflect—I acted on the impulse of the moment, and inquired, raising my hat, if I could be of any assistance.

"Oh!" cried the young lady, "I have lost my aunt."

"Tut, tut!" I murmured sympathetically.

"She was to have met me at Regent Circus, and the omnibus man was told to put me down on the right-hand side, where she said that she would be," continued the young lady. "I waited for nearly two hours, and then I—I got frightened, and came up here, where it is quieter."

"And do you not know where your aunt lives?"

"Somewhere in a place called Clapham, not in London. She was coming up expressly to meet me, and said in her letter that she had so often met my cousins in the same place, by the half-past three o'clock omnibus, that we could not possibly miss."

"May I ask where you have come from?" I inquired.

"Calcutta," replied she.

"Good gracious!" said I, for I had been on the point of recommending her return. It was a long omnibus ride, not to mention geographical difficulties.

"Oh, how stupid!" she added presently. "Of course you mean today. I have come from Acton today. I went there from Southampton, and have staid a week."

"Had you not better go back to Acton?"

"I should have done so already, if my friends had been still there, but they were to go away an hour after I started."

Now, for fear you should deem this damsel over-confiding, I must be egotistical, and draw my portrait. Know, then, that I am classically musical, and the fast of my savage breast having been soothed is written on my features. I wear my hair longer than is the fashion nowadays, and keep it well brushed off my intersecting brow; spectacles lend an air of respectable sedateness to my face, I dress orderly, and generally carry a roll of music in my hand, because doing so once caused me to be pointed out as a famous composer.

And then the young lady was so very young, almost a child, and so very ingenuous and inexperienced. She trusted me by instinct, which is not a bad guide sometimes.

"And have you no idea where your aunt intended to take you to when you met?" I asked, presently.

"O yes!" she replied; "to the railway station."

"Which?"

"Are there more than one?"

"Several. Do you not know where the train was to go to?"

"Yes; to Dublin; and from Dublin we were going on to Wicklow, where papa's regiment is."

Here was a sudden clearing up of difficulties. I pointed out that she would probably find her aunt waiting for her at Euston-square, or that, at any rate, her best plan was to take the Irish mail at a quarter-past seven. She had plenty of time, as it was not more than six o'clock.

Directly she began to see daylight through her troubles, the damsel cheered up, and told me how she came to be in such a fix.

She looked up at me as she spoke with such big, round, innocent, trustful eyes, that I quite forgot all about the propriety, called a cab, told the man to drive to Euston-square, put the girl in, and followed. You may blame me as much as you please; I am certain that I was right: the position was a very exceptional one. It is quite beside the mark to ask me whether I should have taken so much trouble if the child had been plain and uninteresting, for under unusual circumstances she would not have had the same need of protection. Still, I confess that I felt extremely hot and uncomfortable, and did not dare let the conversation flag for a moment, lest she should be suddenly seized with panic or a sense of awkwardness. However, it never seemed to occur to her that she did not know my name or character, and she chatted on quite easily and pleasantly about herself and her belongings. I did not catch all she said, for the four-wheeler nearly dislocated our limbs, and sentences were quite disjointed; but from what I gathered, it seemed that her father was Major in an infantry regiment, and her mother was with him at Wicklow; that she had four brothers and three sisters, all very much younger than herself; that she alone had been with her parents in India; that these last had gone to the regimental head-quarters, to arrange for the accommodation of so large a family; and that there was to be a general meeting, now all was ready. At this point we reached the station.

I was then very glad I had come, for everything was as strange and bewildering to her as you might suppose it would be to one who had imagined that London had but a single railway terminus. I found her luggage, and saw it duly labeled; I helped her to search for her aunt, and made inquiries after that lady of all the available officials, but without results. Then I persuaded my charge to take some refreshment, and by that time the ticket-windows were opened.

"O dear!" she cried, turning dreadfully pale, "I never thought of that; I have no money."

Now, it happened, for a wonder, that there was a crisp, new five-pound note in my pocket-book. What could I do but enlist it in the cause?

"Oh, thank you. What should I have done but for your great kindness!" she said when the guard had banged the carriage-door to. "Please, where is papa to send the five pounds?"

I gave her my card; she held out her hand to be shaken; there was a shrill whistle, a puffing, a roar, and of the two human straws which had been caught for a moment in an eddy of life's stream, one was swept away again by the current, while the other—well the other found he was late for dinner, and so determined to have a cut out of the joint at his club, and then turn into the pit of some theatre at half price.

I walked back to the west end, and passing the top of the Haymarket my attention was arrested by certain words which I heard at the entrance of the coach-office stationed there.

"You are the man who comes up with the three o'clock omnibus from Acton, and to whom I spoke about that young lady?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, you have been there and returned since?"

"Yes, ma'am; and I made inquiries, as you told me. They've all left Roseville Cottage, and the servant in charge said as a young lady did come up by our 'bus."

"And yet you did not observe her?"

"Well, ma'am, we did not take up at the door, you see, and as there were several young ladies got in and out, I could not pick her exactly."

"But if she came by the three o'clock omnibus, how was it that I did not find her in it when it arrived?"

"Can't say, I'm sure, ma'am."

"Was the young lady going by the Irish mail?" I asked, pushing up to the elderly lady, who seemed to be in a state of great distress.

"Yes, Sir; O yes!" and she turned to me eagerly.

"Then I think I can tell you how you missed her," said I. "You told her to meet you at Regent Circus, did you not? Well, she got out at the other Regent Circus, by Oxford-street, while you waited for her at this. But do not be alarmed; I saw her off by the mail myself."

As I suspected, this was the aunt who had made the identical blunder suggested; and I now had a second distressed female on my hands not so interesting as the other, and coming at a more inconvenient season. The last joint would be out of the room if I delayed long; so I gave her as concise an account of what had happened as possible, pleaded business of the utmost importance which I really felt disinclined to be, and hurried away like a cad from a schoolboy.

In a few days I received a letter from Major Duckling, acknowledging my great kindness to his daughter, hoping to have the pleasure of thanking me in person some day, and inclosing the five pounds he owed me. I wrote back, saying that the money had come safely, that it had been an honor and a bliss to be of use to Miss Duckling, and that I would certainly look in if I happened to be passing.

A year afterward, some house property was left me at Cobbleston, and I had to go and look after it. If you happen to be thinking of paying a visit to that spot, take my advice and don't. This sounds disinterested; but the fact is that I have found a fanatic to purchase those four desolate tenements, and am therefore free to confess that they are situated in a British Sahara. There are about twenty houses altogether in the place, built in a single row, with a very good road in front. Beyond the road is shingle, and beyond the shingle is the sea, which has retired as far as it could from the place, leaving miles of margin. Shingle, indeed, is the prevailing characteristic of Cobbleston. There are no cliffs or rocks; to right, to left, in front, there is nothing but shingle, wearying the eyes and wearing out the boots. When, after a terribly long tramp, every step of which threatens dislocation of the ankles, you at last get to the sad sea-waves, you find them repeating nothing but "Sh-sh-shingle!"

This barren desolation makes the place admirably adapted for rifle-practice, which is perhaps the reason why a depot battalion is stationed in isolated barracks in the neighborhood. The recruits are kept out of mischief, and they are taught to shoot. You may see squads of them plunging about in the shifty soil at "judging distance" drill; and if the Horse Guards or the War Office, or whoever's business it is, does not provide them with plenty of boots free of charge, all I can say is, it's a crying shame. But surely the visitor can walk inland, and so reach the downs? He can; the farmers have a fashion of using fish-manure in those parts, but if he likes that sort of odor, the custom will not annoy him. Personally, I very much prefer asafœtida. The visitor, then, with a delicate nose, corns, and a constitution requiring exercise, would be wise in keeping to the road. If he turned to the left, and walked straight on, he would come, at the end of a couple of miles, to a martello tower; and then, two miles again further on, to Portadie, where is a small harbor with occasional yachts in it, a good hotel, a billiard-room—in a word, civilization. If he turned to the right, ten minutes' walk would bring him to the barracks.

It was on the second day of my arrival that I made this last discovery, and as I stood gazing with awe upon the barrack entrance, thinking how very much it resembled a prison, and wondering what the sentry, who stood just inside, looking prickly, would do to me if I attempted to enter, the soldier I thus contemplated became suddenly rigid; his murderous-looking weapon drew up to his shoulder, and he made a sort of military pass. Then, in a sudden, snatchy, galvanized way, he gave his gun a slap, and held it in front of him; and this, a tall, elderly man in spurs, striped trousers, and frock-coat festooned with broad shoestring, seemed to take as a personal compliment, for he touched his forage-cap, an absurd little head ornament, which did not quite cover the bald patch on the top.

A young lady accompanied the elderly officer, and a young man accompanied the young lady. The youth must have been very fond, for he was got up as if for Ascot; and his shining hat, delicate boots, lavender gloves, and button-hole flower, looked very incongruous in that lonely spot. But the peacock spreads his dazzling tail just as readily in the depths of the lonely forest as on the lordly terrace; and he is right. I do not suppose that an Adonis wants to fascinate more than one at a time with his apparel; and if that one is present, what does the absence of the twenty thousand others matter?

When the trio emerged from the barrack square, the young lady stopped short, looked hard at me, bowed, and then spoke eagerly to the old gentleman in uniform, who at once advanced toward me and held out his hand.

"My daughter tells me that you are Mr. Tweedie, who so kindly came to her assistance when she was lost in London," said he, and was very civil. So was Miss Duckling. The young man to whom I was introduced tried to follow suit, but failed. It was easy to see that he hated me. He was but an ingenuous Ensign, and had not yet learned how to conceal his feelings. The cause of his enmity, I need hardly say, was the cordiality of the young lady's manner toward myself.

"So you have left Ireland," I unnecessarily observed.

"Yes; papa got his step, and was put in command of this depot."

"By the by, Colonel," said I, "what is a depot? Stores, shades and depots have been mysteries to me from my youth." The solidity of my ignorance excited a smile upon the face of the ensign, but the old soldier sought to enlighten me.

"A depot? Well, you know—several regiments have their depots at it."

"I see," I falsely asserted.

We had a pleasant walk to some new butts which were being set up; and on our return the Colonel and his daughter both declared that I must come and see Mrs. Duckling. So I passed through the barrack-gates with the rest, feeling taller when the sentry presented arms. The Colonel took the Ensign's arm, and spoke to him aside; the poor youth nodded, and presently afterward asked me to dine at the mess that evening. I am sure, from the forced character of his smile, that he felt feeding me to be pushing Christianity rather too far.

Then he had to bow himself off, leaving me to enter the home of the beautiful Emma. Neither the beautiful Emma nor her mamma could have been good housewives, for the quarters of the chief were in a terrible mess, and his little ones, who came swarming over us, were a sad contrast to the clean tidy offspring of the non-commissioned officers that I had noticed playing about. As for the youngest Duckling, a tot that pottered about, dragging a fresh herring tied to a bit of string after it, as a toy, he was so sticky that I am convinced that a fly alighting on him would have been limed.

The furniture was scanty and common, and no attempt had been made to set things off. We found Mrs. Duckling lying on a sofa reading a novel. She had been a handsome woman in her time, there could be no doubt of that, and she had the best part of beauty, a kind, feminine, good-tempered expression, left. She greeted me with much cordiality, and evidently thought a great deal of my having paid her daughter's fare. "Civility I have met with myself over and over again," said she, "but five pounds from an utter stranger—never!"

I liked her, she was so thoroughly unaffected; they were poor, but she seemed to think that rather a joke than otherwise.

"I will not ask you to dinner," said she; "we dine early, because of the children. If you are hungry at any time about one o'clock, and can eat cold meat and rice-pudding, we shall be glad to see you; but do not expect to be asked. When the Colonel cannot stand our fare any longer, he goes to the mess."

It was very pleasant to be made much of, and the Ducklings were so agreeable that I stopped at Cobbleston a few days longer than was strictly necessary. I must confess that I took a mischievous pleasure in exciting the jealous wrath of the Ensign, and this appeared to be shared by the fair Emma. At least, she certainly acted in a manner which was likely to pique him, paid more attention to what I said when we were together, and seemed to prefer walking with me; but I cannot put into words the many little perceptible, though undefinable, shades of conduct which were calculated to depress him and encourage me. I was glad not to be forced upon the poor youth as a nominal—I say nominal, because, doubtless, I really dined at the Colonel's expense—as a nominal guest again. On the second day, I was made an honorary member of the mess—a graceful act, for it is really difficult to get a dinner at Cobbleston. At the end of the week, however, I was forced to go, and when I announced the fact to the Ducklings, they were so dumfoundered, that it was more than flattering—it was quite touching.

The time was just after morning parade, and the family party was complete. The Colonel was writing an official letter to squash a court-martial, telling the members that they must find something to say more in accordance with his own private opinion; Mrs. Duckling was reposing on the sofa, rumpling the hair of one of her littlest ones who sat on the floor beside her; Emma was winding wool; and the Ensign, who had not changed his uniform, sat bolt upright in front of her, holding the skein, his legs under his chair, his eyes looking unutterable things at his charmer, who was opposite, and so close. Her hand touched his occasionally, and then he positively colored.

"And why must you go?" asked Mrs. Duckling with her voice, and Miss Emma with her eyes. The Colonel, too, was arrested, pen in air; the Ensign's lips parted.

"Well, the fact is, my tooth child has got a rash, and my wife is rather uneasy," said I.

"Fourth child?"

"Wife!"

"Yes. Did you not know that I was a married man?"

I wonder whether the Ducklings really took me for a bachelor with intentions? I only know that their manner when I took leave was not so cordial as it had been; that the Ensign drove me over to the station in a brother officer's dog-cart, and that he wrung my hand at parting with such cordiality that his signet-ring nearly drew blood.—*Chambers's Journal.*

AN ADVENTURE ON THE MATTERHORN.—On arriving at an angle of the cliffs of the Tête du Lion, while skirting the upper edge of the snow which abuts against them, I found that the heat of the two past days had nearly obliterated the steps which had been cut when coming up. The rocks happened to be impracticable just at this corner, so nothing could be done except make the steps afresh. The snow was too hard to beat or tread down, and at the angle it was all but ice; half a dozen steps only were required, and then the ledges could be followed again. So I held to the rock with my right hand, and prodded at the snow with the point of my stick, until a good step was made, and then leaning round the angle, did the same for the other side. So far, well; but, in attempting to pass the corner (to the present moment I cannot tell how it happened) I slipped and fell.

The slope was steep on which this took place, and was at the top of a gully that led down through two subordinate buttresses toward the Glacier du Lion—which was just seen, 1,000 feet below. The gully narrowed and narrowed, until there was a mere thread of snow lying between two walls of rock, which came to an abrupt termination at the top of a precipice that intervened between it and the glacier. Imagine a funnel cut in half through its length, placed at an angle of forty-five degrees, with its point below and its concave side uppermost, and you will have a fair idea of the place.

The knapsack brought my head down first, and I pitched into some rocks about a dozen feet below; they caught something and tumbled me off the edge, head over heels, into the gully; the bâton was dashed from my hands, and I whirled downward in a series of bounds, each longer than the last; now over ice, now into rocks, striking my head four or five times, each time with increased force. The last bound sent me spinning through the air, in a leap of fifty or sixty feet, from one side of the gully to the other, and I struck the rocks luckily, with the whole of my left side. They caught my clothes for a moment, and I fell back on to the snow, with them arrested; my head, fortunately, came on the right side up, and a few frantic catches brought me to a halt in the neck of the gully, and on the verge of the precipice. Bâton, hat and veil skimmed by and disappeared, and the crash of the rocks—which I had started—as they fell on to the glacier, told how narrow had been the escape from utter destruction. As it was, I fell nearly 200 feet in seven or eight bounds. Ten feet more would have taken me, in one gigantic leap of 900 feet, on to the glacier below.

The situation was still sufficiently serious. The rocks could not be let go for a moment, and the blood was spirting out of more than twenty cuts. The most serious ones were in the head, and I vainly tried to close them with one hand, while holding on with the other. It was useless; the blood jerked out in blinding jets at each pulsation. At last, in a moment of inspiration, I kicked out a big lump of snow, and stuck it as a plaster on my head. The idea was a happy

able to a heavy, late dinner: and a glass or two of good wine at both meals, or a glass of good whisky or brandy and water after supper, may often be taken with advantage. The value of physical exercise—and especially riding—in the open air, can scarcely be over-estimated, and should be carried on to the point of incipient fatigue. A shower-bath in the morning, and a warm bath before retiring to rest, are useful auxiliaries; a somewhat high and not too soft a pillow should be used; and, if the feet are very cold, a hot-water bottle should be placed at the bottom of the bed. If the preceding means—all or most of which the patient can try for himself—fail, recourse should at once be had to professional advice. If we had been asked a couple of years ago what was the most potent agent in the treatment of wakefulness, we should have answered, without hesitation, bromide of potassium. There is now reason to believe, from the researches of Dr. CLOUSTON, that a combination of this salt with tincture of Indian hemp, in the proportion of half a drachm of the salt to a drachm of the tincture, is more potent in allaying nervous excitement in cases of insanity, and probably generally, than the bromide alone, even in a far larger dose. The most powerful and irresistible of all sleep-promoters is, however, the new remedy known as hydrate of chloral, and which, it is stated, has been prescribed successfully, and without a single accident, in more than 100,000 cases in this country alone.—*Once a Week.*

DOUBLE PEOPLE.—Concerning double people, twins united in an abnormal manner at birth, the authentic records are numerous, but a few examples must suffice. In 1701, united twins were born at Szany, in Hungary; they were christened by the names of HELEN and JUDITH, and were exhibited for some years in the chief cities of Europe. They were joined together at the lower part of the back, the faces and bodies being half sideways or diagonal, neither back to back nor side by side. The two girls were not equally strong, nor equally well made; one had a more resolute will than the other, and settled all questions as to whether to move, and whither. Being carefully educated, they read, recited and sang well, conversed in Hungarian, German and French, and English and afforded much scope for study to psychologists; for there was sufficient difference between them in strength, temper, health, and intellect, to give play to two sets of forces, mental as well as bodily. It was observed, however, that when one was ill, the other became more or less affected with the same complaint; and it was deemed probable that their deaths would be nearly simultaneous. This proved to be the case. JUDITH was attacked with a complicated disease of brain and lungs in 1723, and died; HELEN, who at the commencement of her sister's malady was in good health, soon sickened with her, and the two died almost at the same instant. They were buried in a convent graveyard at Presburg, and the particulars of their remarkable history found admission into the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society. The most extraordinary case of partial doubleness on record, perhaps, was one which was described by Sir EVERARD HOME in a letter to JOHN HUNTER, the great surgeon. It was a Hindoo double-headed boy, born near Burdwan, in Bengal; and the degree of sympathy, or absence of sympathy between the two heads was watched with much interest. The particulars are given in the *Philosophical Transactions*. There was another case of a man named LAZARUS, or rather a double man named LAZARUS-JOHANNES, very attractive to sight-seers in Germany several years ago. There was much of a curious character in the degree in which the feeding of LAZARUS helped to feed JOHANNES, without any distinct participation of the latter in the eating process. As the JOHANNES portion of the duplex was less fully developed than LAZARUS, some discussion arose among the ecclesiastics as to whether each half had a soul to be saved, distinct from the other; it was decided in the affirmative, and the two names of LAZARUS and JOHANNES were given in baptism. The men were alive at the age of twenty-eight, but we have no mention of their age at death. Many of our readers are, no doubt, familiar with the appearance of the Siamese twins, who were exhibited in London in their youth, and again, a short time ago, in their maturer years. The twins are more completely two human beings than any others we have here spoken of; for the only physical or organized bond of connection between them is at the two chests. In one of Dr. TODD'S medical works a description is given, which conveys a sufficiently clear notion of the nature of this band to those who have neither seen the twins themselves nor pictures of them. When first exhibited they were not exactly opposite to each other, but stood side by side, or rather obliquely one by another; but this position, there can be little doubt, was acquired by the attempts which they had instinctively made to separate from each other in walking, or in lying and sitting down, and by the extension they had thus effected in their band of union, which was considerably more slender than in any other yet described. It was quite impossible for them to remain always face to face; therefore their bodies acquired an oblique direction, in which they also moved. The consequence of this was, that the right limbs of the one and the left of the other individual were the principal organs of movement, and that the intermediate limbs (that is to say, the left of the one and the right of the other) remained nearly passive. In organic and animal relation of life, they seem to be independent of each other. Each has his own circulation of the blood, his own respirative and digestive functions. The curious, yellow-skinned couple were wont to play at battledore and shuttlecock with each other; one had a battledore in his right hand, the other had one in his left, and very deftly they tossed the feathered messenger to and fro.—*All the Year Round.*

THE PLUMAGE OF BIRDS.—The differences of color and plumage, according to the sex of the same class of birds, are very remarkable. As a rule, the male bird has a more ostentatious plumage than the female. But this rule has its notable exceptions. Peacocks, pheasants, grouse, birds of Paradise, and—perhaps hardly to be mentioned in such gorgeous company—our own blackbird, have very dull and unconspicuous mates; yet the female toucan, bee-eater, parroquet, macaw, and tit are, in almost every case, as gay and brilliant as the male. This anomaly has been explained by recent naturalists by the influence of the mode of nest building. The true principle, with very few exceptions, seems to be that, when both sexes are of strikingly gay and conspicuous colors, the nest is secreted, or such as to conceal the sitting bird, while, whenever there is a striking contrast of colors, the male being gay and conspicuous, the female dull and inconspicuous, the nest is open, and the sitting bird exposed. This important theory is best illustrated by a few examples. We will first take some of those grouse or birds in which the female is conspicuously colored, and in most cases exactly like the male. In some of the most brilliant specimens of the kingfisher species the female exactly resembles the male. Kingfishers mostly build their nests in a deep hole in the ground. The male and female of the showy *motmots* are exactly alike in color, and their nest is in a hole under the ground. Puff-birds are often gayly-colored. The sexes are exactly alike. The nest is in a sloping hole in the ground. The barred plumage and long crests of the hoopoes are common alike to male and female, and the nest is in a hollow tree. The barbets are all very gayly colored; and what is remarkable, the most brilliant patches are disposed about the head and neck, and are very conspicuous. The male and female are exactly alike, and the nest is in a hole of the tree. The same remarks apply to the ground cuckoos, save that they build a domed nest. In the great parrot tribe, adorned with the most brilliant and varied colors, the rule is that the sexes are exactly alike. All build in holes, mostly in trees; but sometimes in the ground, or in white ants' nests. If, on the other hand, we take the cases when the male is gayly colored, while the female is much less gaudy, or in quite inconspicuous, we find a totally different system of nest-building. Take, for instance, the chatterers. These comprise some of the most gorgeous birds in the world—vivid blues, rich purples and bright reds being the most common. The females are always obscurely tinted, and are often of a greenish hue, not easily distinguished among the foliage. In the extensive families of the warblers, such as thrushes, flycatchers and shrikes, as also in the case of the pheasants and grouse, the males are mostly marked with gay and conspicuous tints, while the females are always less pretentious in the matter of external beauty, and most frequently are of the very plainest hues. Now, throughout the whole of these families the nest is open; and hardly a single instance can be mentioned in which any one of these birds builds a domed nest, or places it in a hole of a tree, or underground, or in any place where it is effectually concealed. In these facts, the larger and more powerful birds are not taken into consideration; because, with these brilliant colors are, as a rule, absent, and they depend principally on concealment to secure their safety. The apparent reasons for this difference in the color of the plumage of the sexes of different species is very naturally explained. We have seen that when the female bird has been in the shade as regards rivalling her lord and master in the way of "fine feathers," the nest was always an open one. The female bird, while setting on her eggs in an uncovered nest, would be much exposed to the attacks of enemies; and any modification of color which might render her more conspicuous would often lead to her destruction and that of her nestlings. Those birds on the other hand, who, male and female, can boast equally attractive plumage, build their nests in holes and crevices, and have, therefore much less to fear upon the score of discovery.—*Once a Week.*

FOUR-EYED FISH.—On we rowed, looking out sharply right and left for an alligator basking on the mud among the mangrove roots. But none appeared, though more than one, probably, was watching us, with nothing of him above water but his horny eyes. The heron flapped on ahead, and settled once more, as if leading us on up the ugly creek, which grew narrower and fouler, till the oars touched the bank on each side, and drove out of the water shoals of four-eyed fish, ridiculous little things about as long as your hand, who, instead of diving to the bottom like reasonable fish, seemed possessed with the fancy that they could succeed better in the air, or on land, and accordingly jumped over each other's backs scrambled out upon the mud, swam about with their goggle-eyes projecting above the surface of the water, and, in fact, did anything but behave like fish.

This little creature, (Star-gazer, as some call him,) is, you must understand, one of the curiosities of Trinidad and of the Guiana Coast. He looks, on the whole, like a grey mullet, with a large blunt head, out of which stand, almost like horns, the eyes, from which he takes his name. You may see in WOOD'S *Illustrated Natural History* a drawing of him, which is, I am sorry to say, one of the very few bad ones in the book; and read how, "at a first glance, the fish appears to possess four distinct eyes, each of these organs being divided across the middle, and apparently separated into two distinct portions. In fact, an opaque band runs transversely across the corner of the eye, and the iris, or colored portion, sends out two processes, which meet each other under the transverse band of the cornea, so that the fish appears to possess even a double pupil. Still, on closer investigation the connection between the divisions of the pupil are apparent, and can readily be seen in the young fish. The lens is shaped something like a largomelle pear, and so arranged that its broad extremity is placed under the large segment of the cornea."

These strangely specialized eyes—so folks believe here—the fish uses by halves. With the lower halves he sees through the water, with the upper halves through the air; and, elevated by this quaint privilege, he aspires to be a terrestrial animal, emulating, I presume, the alligators around, and tries to take his walks upon the mud. You may see as you go down to bathe on the east coast, a group of black dots, in pairs, peering up out of the sand, at the very highest verge of the surf line. As you approach them, they leap up and prove themselves to belong to a party of four-eyes, who run—there is no other word—down the beach, dash into the roaring surf, and the moment they see you safe in the sea, run back again on the next wave, and begin staring at the sky once more. He, who sees four-eyes for the first time without laughing must be much wiser, or much stupider, than any man has a right to be.—*A Christmas in the West Indies, by Charles Kingsley.*

A WEST INDIAN HARBOR.—Most weird and fantastic are these nightly visits to West Indian harbors. Above, the black mountain-depths, with their canopy of cloud, bright white against the purple night, hung with keen stars. The moon, it may be on her back in the west, sinking like a golden goblet behind some rock-fort, half shrouded in black trees. Below, a line of bright mist over a swamp, with the cocoa-palms standing up through it, dark, and yet glistering in the moon. A light here and there in a house; another here and there in a vessel, unseen in the dark. The echo of the gun from hill to hill. Wild voices from shore and sea. The snorting of the steamer, the rattling of the chain through the hawse-hole, and on deck, and under the quarter, strange gleams of red light amid pitchy darkness, from engines, galley fires, anthorns; and black folk and white folk flitting restlessly across them.

The strangest show: "like a thing in a play," says every one when they see it for the first time. And when at the gun-fire one tumbles out of one's berth, and up on deck, to see the new island, one has need to rub one's eyes, and pinch oneself—as I was minded to do again and again during the next few weeks—to make sure that it is not all a dream. It is always worth the trouble, meanwhile, to tumble up on deck, not merely for the show, but for the episodes of West Indian life and manners, which, quaint enough by day, are sure to be even more quaint at night, in the confusion and bustle of the darkness. One such I witnessed in that same harbor of Grenada, not easily to be forgotten.

A tall and very handsome middle-aged brown woman, in a limp print gown and a gorgeous turban, stood at the gangway in the glare of light, which made her look like some splendid witch by a Walpurgis night-fire. "Tell your boatman to go round to the other side," quoth the officer in charge.

"Fanqua!" (Francois.) "You go round oder side of de ship!"

Fanqua, who seemed to be her son, being sleepy, tipsy, stupid, or lazy, did not stir.

"Fanqua! You hear what de officer say? You go round."

No move.

"Fanqua! You not ashamed of yourself? You not hear de officer say he turn a steam-pipe over you?"

No move.

"Fanqua!" (authoritative.)

"Fanqua!" (indignant.)

"Fanqua!" (argumentative.)

"Fanqua!" (astonished.)

"Fanqua!" (remonstrative.)

"Fanqua!" (confidentially alluring.)

"Fanqua!" (regretful.)

And so on, through every conceivable tone of expression.

But Fanqua did not move; and the officer and bystanders laughed.

She summoned all her talents, and uttered one last "Fanqua!" which was a triumph of art.

Shame and surprise were blended in her voice with tenderness and pity, and they again with meek despair. To have been betrayed, disgraced, and so unexpectedly, by one whom she loved, and must love still, in spite of this, his fearful fault—it was more than heart could bear. Breathing his name but that once more, she stood a moment, like a queen of tragedy, one long arm drawing her garments round her, the other outstretched as if to cast off—had she the heart to do it—the rebel; and then stalked away into the darkness of the paddle-boxes—for ever and a day to brood speechless over her great sorrow? Not in the least. To begin chattering away to her acquaintances, as if no Fanqua existed in the world.

It was a piece of admirable play-acting; and was meant to be. She had been conscious all the while that she was an object of attention—possibly of admiration—to a group of men; and she knew what was right to be done and said under the circumstances, and did it perfectly, even to the smallest change of voice. She was doubtless quite unaware the whole time, and felt everything which her voice expressed; but she felt it because it was proper to feel it; and deceived herself probably more than she deceived every man about her.—*A Christmas in the West Indies, by Charles Kingsley.*

AN ANECDOTE OF THE WAR.—The *Figaro* tells a good story of the German occupation in France. A lady, it says, residing in the Department of the Seine et Marne, had a Prussian quartered upon her from the commencement of the invasion. Fortunately he told her, on taking possession of his apartments, that he was deaf, so that the lady did not hesitate to talk before him as if he were not present, and she even played on her piano after the Prussian had gone to sleep, although he occupied the next room. At last the soldier informed his hostess that he had been ordered elsewhere. "Madame," he said, "je vous souhaite bien le bonjour." "Et moi," said the lady, smiling with exquisite grace, "je te souhaite de te casser le cou dans l'escalier, bandit, voleur, assassin!" "Oh, madame," interrupted the Prussian, "excusez moi, je n'ai pas pensé à vous dire que je n'étais sourd que par ordre du général."

A GIANT TREE.—Then we went in search of the trees. We had passed as we rode up some Huras, (Sand-box trees,) which would have been considered giants in England; and I had been laughed at more than once for asking, "Is that the tree, or that?" I soon knew why. We scrambled up a steep bank of broken limestone, through ferns and ballisters for perhaps a hundred feet, and then were suddenly aware of a hole which justified the saying of one of our party—that, when surveying for a road he had come suddenly on it, he "felt as if he had run against a church tower." It was a Hura, seemingly healthy, undecayed, and growing vigorously. Its girth—we measured it carefully—was forty-four feet, six feet from the ground, and as I laid my face against it and looked up, I seemed to be looking up a ship's side. It was perfectly cylindrical, branchless and smooth, save, of course, the tiny prickles which beset the bark, for a height at which we could not guess, but which we luckily had an opportunity of measuring. A wild pine grew in the lowest fork, and had kindly let down an air-root into the soil. We tightened the root, set it perpendicular, cut it off exactly where it touched the ground, and then pulled carefully till we brought the plant and half a dozen more strange vegetables down on our heads. The length of the air-root was just seventy-five feet. Some twenty feet or more above that first fork was a second fork, and there the tree began. Where its head was we could not see. We could only by laying our faces against the hole, and looking up, discern a wilderness of boughs carrying a green cloud of leaves, most of them too high for us to discern their shape without the glasses. We walked up the slope and round about, in hopes of seeing the head of the tree clear enough to guess at its total height; but in vain. It was only when we had ridden some half mile up the hill that we could discern its masses rising, a bright green mound, above the darker foliage of the forest. It looked of any height, from 150 to 200 feet; less it could hardly be. "It made," says a note by one of our party, "other huge trees look like shrubs." I am not surprised that my friend, Mr. St. CLAIR, who measured the tree since my departure, found it to be 199 feet in height.—*A Christmas in the West Indies, by Charles Kingsley.*

THE LESSER ANTILLES.—As the traveler nears each of them—Guadaloupe, Dominica, Martinique—of which two last we had only one passing glance—St. Vincent, St. Lucia, and Grenada—he will be impressed, not only by the peculiarity of their form, but by the richness of their color. All of them do not, like St. Kitts, Guadaloupe and St. Vincent, slope up to one central peak. In Martinique for instance, there are three separate peaks, or groups of peaks—the Mont Pelée, the Pitons du Carbet, and the Piton du Vauclain. But all have that peculiar jagged outline which is noticed first at the Virgin Islands. Flat "vans" or hog-backed hills, and long ridges of mesa-land, so common in England, are absent. The steep walls of cliff, so common in the Nile Pyramid is found on pyramidal mountains, such as a slope of about 45°, the whole figure is a congeries of [illegible] peaklets, round the base of which spreads out, with a sudden sweep, the smooth lowland of volcanic ash and lava. This extreme ragedness of outline is easily explained. The mountains have never been, as in Scotland, planed smooth by ice. They have been gouged out, in every direction, by the furious tropic rains and tropic rain-torrents. Had the rocks been stratified and tolerably horizontal, these rains would have cut them out into tablelands divided by deep gulches, such as may be seen in Abyssinia and in certain parts of the western United States. But these rocks are altogether amorphous and unstratified, and have been poured or spouted out as lumps, dykes, and sheets of lava, of every degree of hardness; so that the rain, in degrading them, has worn them, not into tables and ranges, but into immeasurable cones. And the process of degradation is still going on rapidly. Though a cliff, or sheet of bare rock, is hardly visible among the glens, yet here and there a bright brown patch tells of a recent landslip; and the masses of débris and banks of shingle, backed by a pestilential little swamp at the mouth of each torrent, show how furious must be the down-pour and down-roll before these force of a sudden flood, along so headlong an incline. But in strange contrast with the ragged outline, and with the wild devastation of the rainy season, is the richness of the verdure which clothes the islands up to their highest peaks, in what seems a coat of green fur; but when looked at through the glasses, proves to be, in most cases, gigantic timber. Not a rock is seen. If there be a cliff here and there, it is as green as an English lawn. Steep slopes are grey with groo-groo palms, or yellow with unknown flowering trees. High against the sky-line, tiny knots and lumps are found to be gigantic trees. Each glen has buried its streamlet a hundred feet in vegetation, above which, here and there, the grey stem and dark crown of some palmiste towers up like the mast of some great admiral. The eye and the fancy strain vainly into the green abysses, and wander up and down over the wealth of depths and heights, compared with which European parks and woodlands are but paltry scrub and shaugh. No books are needed to tell that. The eye discovers it for itself, even before it has learned to judge of the great size of the vegetation, from the endless variety of form and color. For the islands, though green intensely, are not of one, but of every conceivable green, or rather of hues ranging from pale yellow through all greens into cobalt blue; and as the wind stirs the leaves, and sweeps the lights and shadows over hill and glen, all is ever-changing, iridescent, like a peacock's neck; till the whole island, from peak to shore, seems some glorious jewel—an emerald with tints of sapphire and topaz, hanging between blue sea and white surf below, and blue sky and white cloud above.—*A Christmas in the West Indies, by Charles Kingsley.*

THE STUDY OF PLATO.—There reigns in England now a system of philosophy which may be summed up without implying any reproach by the title, under the word "Materialism." It reigns not only among men of science, whose pursuit inclines them unavoidably to respect that only which the senses show, and to doubt or ignore all that goes beyond them; nor only among logicians, who have learnt that, for purposes of mere arrangement, it is not inconvenient to regard all truths as isolated facts, learnt through the senses, and grouped artificially by the mind of man—this mind itself being only a name for the supposed recipient of such impressions; it is not only professed philosophers who are materialists, but much more widely in the popular thought the tendency is traceable. Our standards of belief, which make the senses ultimately the test of truth; our notions of the spiritual world, which make the word "spiritual" mean either "unreal" or "unintelligible;" the growing contempt for abstract notions, such as of duty, glory, or the like, tending to value these only as they can be expressed in terms of utility, or pounds per annum; all these are signs of the wide spread of unconscious materialism. It has penetrated our thought so deeply that we hardly perceive it as remarkable when it is pointed out. It hardly seems, for instance, a fact to notice, that most men regard "beauty" as a vague word by which to sum up the definite qualities of certain definite things, and "the good" as a term which comes home to them much less than "this good thing or that," and we forget that there have been men to whom it was as natural to believe that "the good" and "beauty" were real things existing by themselves as it is to us to regard them only as convenient expressions for certain similar qualities which different things exhibit. NOW PLATO'S philosophy is concerned with maintaining the reality of these abstractions, or, as he calls them, ideas, and in proving what is closely connected in his mind with it—the existence of a spiritual world, and the divine value of the soul of man. It is fitted to be an antidote to this one-sided habit of thought which prevails among us. And as such, though not perhaps with this conscious aim, it is being studied more than formerly, just at the very time when that one-sidedness is reaching a dangerous degree. Throughout the ages which intervened between PLATO and the beginning of modern science, the ideal or spiritual habit of thought prevailed, embodied in the logic of ARISTOTLE, and the words derived therefrom—for to that logic all modern languages are in great measure indebted. So long, then, as ARISTOTLE'S system, which in its essence was almost as spiritual as PLATO'S, reigned undisputed, PLATO himself was often disregarded as a dreamer, and admired without being respected; but, as the march of natural science has made those schemes popular which account for mind and life and morality by physical theories; meanwhile, by a simple reaction, increased attention has been directed, first by philosophers, then in universities, and now throughout the country, to those great ideal systems by which the unseen and immaterial is treated as all-important, and whatever the senses can perceive, as merely transitory and imperfect. In short, PLATO is called up by the occasion to be a champion, to help us, whether we know it or not, against materialism. If this be so, it gives a new value to the study of his works; since, while they charm us by their literary value, they may tend to correct insensibly a too uniform habit of attending to one aspect of the world—an aspect which, just as it is in itself, becomes an unjust one when it is presented to us too exclusively.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

AN OLD POET LAUREATE.—NICHOLAS ROWE, a poet born to good fortune, and a *rara avis* in consequence, first saw the light at Little Berkford in Bedfordshire, in 1673. His family, as we gather from Dr. JOHNSON, originally came from Devonshire, where they had possessed a good estate for many generations; and the ancestor from whom ROWE traced his direct descent won the family arms by his valor in the Crusades. His father was an eminent lawyer of the time of JAMES II., was eventually made a Sergeant, and died in 1692, receiving burial in the Temple Church. Young ROWE is said to have distinguished himself at school by his proficiency in translations from several languages; and at sixteen had made such progress that his father entered him a student in the Middle Temple, where he studied hard for three years. His father then dying, ROWE was left to pursue the bent of his own inclinations, which led him more literary than and at twenty-five he found himself, the author of a drama, high in popular favor, the "Ambitious Stepmother." He then devoted himself to literature as a means of support; drama after drama succeeded each other with varying success, occasionally interspersed with minor poems and translations, until the author finished his own life-drama at the comparatively early age of forty-five. He died on the 8th of December, 1718, and was buried on the 19th in Westminster Abbey, close to CHAUCER. ROWE appears to have been a man of some ability and erudition, which may be gathered from several facts. He finished an entire translation of LUCAN'S *Pharsalia*; was master of most parts of polite learning, especially the classical authors, both Greek and Latin; understood French, Italian and Spaniah, and had likewise read a great number of Greek and Roman histories. He also appears to have dabbled in philosophy, and took great delight in divinity and ecclesiastical history. Bigots may learn a noble lesson from his character; for we have it upon good authority that he abhorred the practice of persecuting men on account of their religious opinions, and was never known even to censure those of a contrary persuasion to his own. When envy rose against him he forgave it; and envy against others was entirely foreign to his nature. His religion enabled him to die like a philosopher and a Christian, at peace with all mankind, and in full resignation to the will of Almighty God. In the respects just named, there is at any rate just ground for a most favorable opinion of our author. But as no portrait will be found to be precisely the same when painted by two artists, so there are little touches in ROWE'S which need to be added in addition to the colors already laid on. He seems to have been permeated with an insatiable desire for preferment and emolument. He hungered after the loaves and fishes, and was filled to repletion. His appointments were numerous and rapid. He was Under-Secretary of State at the time the Duke of QUEENSBURY was Chief Secretary. At the accession of GEORGE I. he was made Poet-Laureate by the election of NAHUM TATE, who was soon afterward reduced to extreme poverty. ROWE was also made one of the surveyors of the customs of the ports of London, and the Prince of WALES chose him clerk of his council; while Lord-Chancellor PARKER, as soon as he received the seals, made him, unsolicited, secretary of his presentations. For a poet, he must be regarded as having been extremely lucky, and was in the receipt of a splendid income; thus fulfilling the Ideal Sensorium of Mr. BUCHANAN, that a poet should never be permitted to grovel among mundane occupations for a living.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

VEGETATION IN THE WOODS OF TRINIDAD.—Soon you will be struck by the variety of the vegetation, and will recollect what you have often heard, that social plants are rare in the tropic forests. Certainly they are rare in Trinidad, where the only instances of social trees are the Moras (which I have never seen growing wild) and the Moriche palms. In Europe, a forest is usually made up of one dominant plant—of firs or of pines, or oaks or of beeches, of birch or of heather. Here not two plants are alike. There are more species on an acre here than in all the New Forest, Savernake, or Sherwood. Stems rough, smooth, prickly, round, fluted, stilted, upright, sloping, branched, arched, jointed, opposite-leaved, alternate-leaved, leafless, or covered with leaves of every conceivable pattern, are jumbled together, till the eye and brain are tired of continually asking "What next?" The stems are of every color—copper, pink, grey, green, brown, black as if burnt, marbled with lichens, many of them silvery white, gleaming afar in the bush, furred with mosses and delicate creeping film-ferns, or laced with the air-roots of some parasite aloft. Up this stem scrambles a climbing Seguine with entire leaves; up the next another quite different, with deeply-cut leaves; up the next the Cerimam spreads its huge leaves, latticed and fretted again and again. So fast do they grow that they have not time to fill up the spaces between their nerves, and are consequently full of oval holes; and so fast does its spadix of flowers expand that (as, indeed, do some other Aroids) an actual genial heat, and fire of passion, which may be tested by the thermometer, or even by the hand, is given off during fructification. Beware of breaking it, or the Seguines. They will probably give off an evil smell, and, as probably a blistering milk. Look on at the next stem. Up it, and down again, a climbing fern which is often seen in hot-houses has tangled its finely-cut fronds. Up the next, a quite different fern is crawling, by pressing tightly to the rough bark its creeping root-stalks, furred like a hare's leg. Up the next, the prim little Griffe-chatte plant has walked, by numberless clusters of small cats'-claws, which lay hold of the bark. And what is this delicious scent about the air? Vanille? Of course it is; and up that stem zigzags the green fleshy chain of the Vanille orchis. The scented pod is far above, out of your reach; but not out of the reach of the next parrot, or monkey or negro-hunter, who winds the treasure. And the stems themselves: to what trees do they belong? It would be absurd for one to try to tell you who cannot tell one-twentieth of them himself. Suffice it to say, that over your head are perhaps a dozen kinds of admirable timber, which might be turned to a hundred use in Europe, were it possible to get them thither; your guide (who here will be a second hospitable and cultivated Scot) will point with pride to one column after another, straight as those of a cathedral, and sixty to eighty feet without branch or knob. That, he will say, is Fiddlewood; that is Carapo, that a Cedar, that a Roble, (oak;) that, larger than all you have seen yet, a Locust; that a Poui; that a Guatecare, that an Olivier, woods which, he will tell you, are all but incorruptible, defying weather and insects. He will show you, as curiosities, the smaller but intensely hard letter-wood, lignum vitæ and purple-heart. He will pass by as useless weeds, ceibas and sandbox-trees, whose bulk appals you. He will look up, with something like a malediction, at the matapalos, which, every fifty yards, have seized on mighty trees, and are enjoying, I presume, every different stage of the strangling art, from the baby matapalo, who, like the one which you saw in the Botanic Garden, has let down his first sin-root along his victim's stem, to the old sinner whose dark crown of leaves is supported, eighty feet in air, on innumerable branching columns of every size, cross-clasped to each other by transverse bars. The giant tree, on which his seed first fell has rotted away utterly, and he stands in its place, prospering in his wickedness, like certain folk whom David knew too well. Your guide walks on with a sneer. But he stops with a smile of satisfaction as he sees lying on the ground dark green glossy leaves, which are fading into a bright crimson; for overhead somewhere there must be a balata, the king of the forest; and there, close by, is his stem—a madder-brown column, whose head may be a hundred and fifty feet or more aloft. The forester pats the sides of his favorite tree, as a breeder might that of his favorite race-horse. He goes on to evince his affection, in the fashion of West Indians, by giving it a chop with his cutlass: but not in wantonness. He wishes to show you the hidden virtues of this (in his eyes) noblest of trees—how there issues out swiftly from the wound a flow of thick white milk, which will congeal, in an hour's time, into a gum intermediate in its properties between caoutchouc and gutta-percha. He talks of a time when the English gutta-percha market shall be supplied from the Balatas of the northern hills, which cannot be shipped away as timber. He tells you how the tree is a tree of a generous, virtuous and elaborate race—"a tree of God, which is full of sap," as one said of old of such—and what could be any better idea or more? For it is a Sapota, cousin to the Sapodilla, and other excellent fruit-trees itself most excellent, even in its fruit-bearing power; for every five years it is covered with such a crop of delicious plums that the lazy negro thinks it worth his while to spend days of hard work, besides incurring the penalty of the law (for the trees are Government property) in cutting its down for the sake of its fruit. But this tree your guide will cut himself. There is no gully between it and the Government station; and he can carry it away; and it is worth his while to do so; for it will square, he thinks, into a log more than three feet in diameter, and eighty, ninety—he hopes almost a hundred feet in length of hard, heavy wood, incorruptible, even in salt water; better than teak, as good as teak, and only surpassed in this island by the Poui. He will make a stage around it, some eight feet high, and cut it above the spurs. It will take his convict gang (for convicts are turned to some real use in Trinidad) several days to get it down, and many more days to square it with the axe. A trace must be made to it through the wood, clearing away vegetation for which an European millionaire could be keep it in his park, would gladly pay £100 a yard. The cleared stems, especially those of the palms, must be cut into rollers; and the dragging of the huge log over them will be a work of weeks, especially in the wet season. But it can be done, and it shall be; so he leaves a significant mark on his new-found treasure, and leads you on through the bush, hewing his way with light strokes right and left, so carelessly that you are inclined to beg him to hold his hand, and not destroy in a moment things so beautiful, so curious—things which would be invaluable in an English hothouse.—*A Christmas in the West Indies, by Charles Kingsley.*

A CELEBRATED PRIMA DONNA OF THE LAST HALF CENTURY.—Mme. CARADORI-ALLAN was not originally educated with a view to the adoption of the musical profession as a means of livelihood. She was the daughter of Baron DE MUNCK, a native of Alsace, and a Colonel in the French Army. To her mother, who was an excellent musician, and of Russian extraction, she entirely owed her education, without the aid of masters or any other auxiliaries. At the death of her father, owing to the total failure of every pecuniary resource, she found herself compelled to turn her musical acquirements to the improvement of her own means and assisting those of her mother, whose maiden name—CARADORI—she assumed. She herself was born in the Casa Fatalini, Milan, in the year 1800. That she entered very early upon the duties of her adopted profession may be clearly ascertained from the fact that she made her first appearance at the King's Theatre in London, and indeed on any stage, Jan. 12, 1820, as *Cherubino* in MOZART'S "Nozze di Figaro" at three days' notice; and, notwithstanding this part is among the most hazardous an actress can encounter, she succeeded perfectly, and at once obtained a popularity which never for an instant declined throughout her whole career. Of her *début* it was said that "Mme. CARADORI possessed so perfectly every qualification of a singer, considered without reference to the place in which she had to appear, that in a theatre requiring less physical power she would probably have been found faultless. This deficiency, however, did not prevent her from being correctly estimated as a valuable acquisition to the theatre and with those whose object it was to be pleased rather than astonished, CARADORI became a leading favorite. The mellow sweetness of her voice, so soft, so touching, was united with the truest expression of the feeling of what she sang, nor did she ever sing without calling forth emotions at once tender and powerful in all who heard her. If CARADORI'S singing possessed thus much interest, her acting had no less, perhaps rather from its unassuming grace and elegance than from more decided characteristics. Her conception of [the] character was just, and her performance always in keeping. She never offended, and very rarely failed to please. Her natural talents were aided by a knowledge derived from the careful study of her art, which appeared in the judicious conduct of her voice and her choice and elegant style of execution. CARADORI, independently of her musical knowledge, is a very accomplished woman; she speaks and writes German, French, Italian and English perfectly well, and draws much beautifully, comprising a great deal in a few words to say that CARADORI'S public excellences are only exceeded by the virtues of her private life." My own impressions of this irreproachable *prima donna* are exactly in accord with the above warmly-expressed opinions. Her voice was not one of those of such extensive volume that it filled the ear with its tone, and commanded admiration, as it were, by its force; neither could it be called thin; but it had a sort of middle power, while its quality was sweet, pure and delicate. It was probably owing to this that she pleased even more in the orchestra than on the operatic stage; for it was in the nearer approximation of the chamber the her perfections were all to be apprehended—extreme delicacy both in conception and execution being the peculiar and capital property of Madame CARADORI'S singing. Her intonation was far more correct than usually appertained to the performers of the King's Theatre. In point of conception, Madame CARADORI tempered the warmth of Italian sensibility with a chastity that was all but English, and while her own countrymen esteemed her more cold than competes with their fiery temperament, the English were delighted with the sweet and elegant, but obviously restricted, manner to which she at all times adhered. It was this quality perhaps that rendered her English singing more like that of a native than the execution of most foreigners. She had married, soon after the establishment of her successful position had been obtained, Mr. ALLAN, the Secretary of the King's Theatre, and thus her acquaintances with the English language, which she wrote and spoke like a native, was probably facilitated."—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BIRDS' NESTS.—The time-honored notion that birds build their nests by instinct, while man constructs his dwelling by the exercise of reason, has met with an opponent. Mr. WALLACE, the author of *The Malay Archipelago*, in a series of very curious essays on the theory of natural selection, maintains that men and birds build their habitations on virtually the same principle—namely, that of imitation.

Granting this theory of imitation *versus* reason in mankind to be correct, we now come to the question of that instinct with which our friends of the feathered tribe have always been credited. In the first place, why does each bird build a peculiar kind of nest? WHITE, in his *Natural History of Selborne*, says: "It has been remarked that every species of bird has a mode of nidification peculiar to itself, so that a schoolboy would at once pronounce on the sort of nest before him. This is the case among fields and woods and wilds; but in the villages around London, where mosses, and gossamer, and cotton from vegetables are hardly to be found, the nest of the chaffinch has not that elegant finished appearance, nor is so beautiful with lichens, as in a more rural district; and the wren is obliged to construct its house with straws and dry grasses, which do not give it that rotundity and compactness so remarkable in the edifices of that little architect. Again, the regular nest of the house-martin is hemispheric; but when a rafter, or a joist, or a cornice may happen to stand in the way, the nest is so contrived as to conform to the obstruction, and becomes flat, or oval, or compressed." Warra, as everybody knows who has read his charming book—and who has not?—was a strong believer in the old orthodox idea of instinct. It seems, however, that the same remarks which apply to man in his savage state apply to birds. Man uses the materials which he can most readily obtain, and builds in situations which he thinks most fitting for his own security and comfort. The birds do the same. The wren, for instance, frequenting hedgerows and low thickets, builds its nest generally of moss, the material most abundantly found in its haunts. Rooks dig in pastures and plowed fields for grubs, and thus continually come across roots and fibres, these they use to line their nests. The crow, feeding on carrion, dead rabbits, and lambs, and frequently sheep-walks and warrens, chooses fur and wool to line its nest. The kingfisher makes its nest of the bones of the fish which it has eaten. Swallows use clay and mud from the margins of the ponds and rivers over which they find insect food. And so we might multiply instances, showing that the materials of birds' nests, like those used by savage man for his habitation are those which come first to hand. The advocates of the instinct theory argue, however, that it is not so much the materials as the form and structure of the nests of various birds that differ. But the delicacy and perfection of the best nests always depend on the size and habits of the bird. Take a few instances. The wren—remarkable for the neat construction of its nest—has a slender beak, long legs, and great activity; it is therefore able, without any difficulty, to form a well-woven nest of the poorest materials, and places it in thickets and hedgerows, which it frequents in its search for food. The titmouse—haunting fruit trees and walls, and searching in creaks and crannies for insects—builds in holes, where it has shelter and security; while its great activity, and the perfection of its bill and feet, enable it readily to form a beautiful receptacle for its eggs and young. Pigeons, on the other hand, having heavy bodies and weak feet and bills, construct rude, flat nests of sticks laid across each other, upon which will bear their weight and that of their young. Taking a few of the sea birds by way of example, we find that the same rule holds good. Many terns and sandpipers lay their eggs on the open sands of the sea-shore. This is not because they are unable to form a nest; but because in such an exposed situation, they would most likely have their trouble for their pains, for a nest would be more easily discovered. Gulls, again, vary much in their modes of nesting, according to their habits. Hence they build either on a bare rock, on ledges of sea cliffs, or in marshes or on weedy shores. Here, again, the materials are those easily found, being sea-weed, tufts of grass, or rushes, piled together in the awkward manner which their webbed feet and clumsy bill compel. Returning to the question of instinct, it is generally supposed that a young bird will build a nest precisely like the conventional nest of its species, even if it has never seen one. If this were true, the instinct side would have it; but recent naturalists deny that there is any proof of this. Facts, so far as they have been ascertained, speak to the contrary. Birds brought up from the egg in cages do not make the characteristic nest of their species, even when supplied with the same materials used by that species in building their nests. Often, indeed, they build no nests at all, but merely collect the materials together in a rude misshapen heap.

This would certainly imply that the young birds require lessons from the old ones before they can form the proper nest, and is a striking argument in favor of the imitation theory. But we think that until a series of careful experiments has been made upon this interesting question, the advocates of the new doctrine can hardly claim a conclusive victory.—*Once a Week.*

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

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NEWS OF THE DAY.

EUROPE.

Yesterday the members of the Left in the French Assembly called on President THIERS and complained of the continuance of arrests in Paris and the state of siege, and of the non-removal of the Capitol from Versailles. His reply was that the persons arrested were accused of heinous crimes, that the state of siege would be raised shortly, and that the Capitol would be removed to Paris after the October recess of the Assembly. The Legitimist leaders still claim that their party is unbroken, and proclaim their adherence to the Count DE CHAMBORD, notwithstanding his recent manifesto. The circular containing this proclamation, it is said, does not obtain many signatures. The explosion at the St. Maud Powder-works does not prove to have been so serious as at first reported. Only one person was killed. The building, however, was entirely destroyed. The accident was caused in the unloading of some wagons of ammunition. Proceedings have been begun in the French Courts against the purchase of arms in America. Archbishop GUIBERT, of Tours, has been appointed Archbishop of Paris. The principle of compulsory military service has been adopted in the Assembly. Minister SCHENCK attended the annual banquet of the merchant tailors of London on Friday evening, when he expressed the belief that the Treaty of Washington would be accepted in both countries as a wise settlement of a serious dispute, and that an era of good feeling would be the result. The American branch of the Evangelical Alliance have presented an address to the Emperor of Russia, appealing for religious toleration in behalf of the Protestants in the Baltic provinces and on the Turkish border.

GENERAL.

Mrs. ELIZABETH G. WHARTON, who is accused of poisoning, was yesterday formally indicted on two counts by the Grand Jury, before Judge GILBERT. The prisoner was remanded to the custody of the Sheriff. The case has naturally attracted considerable attention, and caused much excitement.

HENRY HOWARD, Third Secretary in the British diplomatic service, has been appointed agent for the British Government, to receive the claims of British subjects against the United States under the second and following articles of the Treaty of Washington. He gives notice to persons having claims of this kind to file and them forthwith, with such documentary evidences as is in their possession.

The Saratoga races, yesterday, were excellent and exciting. The first race was for a purse of $300, for all ages, one mile, and was won by *Bohman* in 1:44. *Ontario*, the favorite, came in second, and *Cadence* third. The second race was a selling race for a purse of $600, for all ages, one mile and a half, and was won by the favorite, *Midday*, *Nellie James* second, and *Belmont* third. At the auction Mr. DOSWELL took his own horse, *Midday*, at $1,800. Time—2:40. The third race, for a purse of $300, for all ages, two miles, was won by *Eolus*, the favorite. *Hampton* came in second and JOHN MCDONOUGH'S horse *Defender* third. Time—3:36¾.

The trial of ALFRED SCHERMERHORN for the murder of M. W. GUMBLETON, in December, has resulted in a verdict of guilty, in accordance with the indictment, and fixing his punishment at imprisonment for life.

Yesterday morning a fire and explosion took place at No. 62 Sixth-avenue, at which eight firemen, two policemen and one citizen were injured.

There was quite a brilliant display of northern lights on Friday evening, the pink streamers mounting to the zenith from the entire north-western horizon, and just before midnight the phenomena was accompanied by a copious shower of falling stars.

The City of Boston was in a state of excitement yesterday on account of a rumor that Gov. HOOPER, of New-York, had been assassinated. The report, happily, could be traced to no good source, as the people were calmed.

The New-Hampshire Legislature adjourned yesterday for the session. The changes made by the Democratic majority have been much less important than was anticipated, many of their schemes falling through.

There are fears of a negro insurrection in Jamaica, and the authorities are preparing to deal severely with any attempt at an uprising.

The New-Hampshire Legislature adjourned yesterday *sine die*. The Republican Senators met at Concord Hall and passed a resolution complimentary to Senator PATTEN for his fearlessness, patriotism and legislative action, in which the members of the House concurred.

At a celebration at Loon Lake, near Wayland, N. Y., on Friday evening, a cannon was discharged prematurely, instantly killing Mr. RUDDERS, fatally wounding E. PARKMAN, a prominent lawyer, and slightly injuring several ladies.

The President has appointed JAMES FAULKNER Consul at Tuxtler, ALFRED T. A. TORBERT, of Delaware, Consul-General at Havana, and THOMAS BIDDLE, of Pennsylvania, Minister-Resident at Salvador.

The trial of ALFRED SCHERMERHORN, for the murder of M. W. GUMBLETON, in December, was concluded on Friday night with a verdict of guilty in accordance with the indictment, and fixing his punishment at imprisonment for life in the State Penitentiary. His counsel made a motion for a new trial.

THOMAS R. BIRD, of Washington, who was indicted in that city for bigamy, having married in Washington in 1860, and in Alexandria in 1871, has been found guilty, and sentenced to three years in the Penitentiary of Virginia.

Irish Character and the Late Riot.

The London *Times* has taken occasion, in commenting on the disturbance of Wednesday last, to raise the issue whether there is not something in "Irish nature" essentially allied to lawlessness and disorder. To an apologist for the British treatment of Ireland the opportunity was doubtless a tempting one to point such a moral. The same thought has occurred to many of our own people, as evidenced by a number of letters sent us, containing similar suggestions. The events attending the Orange procession had for us a great and salutary lesson; but the true meaning of them will only be obscured by contenting ourselves with any such imperfect explanation as the ungovernable nature of Irish passions, and the inappeasable character of Irish feuds. There may not improbably be a national genesis between the characteristic traits of the Celt whom CÆSAR found in Gaul and Britain and the modern native of Southern France or Ireland. There is the same passionate impetuosity, the same tendency to harbor feelings of revenge. Fondness for glare, glitter and noise, for somewhat puerile forms of excitement, and for fighting considered as a pastime, are equally distinctive of the Celt of remote history and the nearest approach we have to his lineal descendants. Celtic worship has always inclined to the sensuous type, and the social organization of the race has inevitably tended to the slavish subjection inherent in the clan, rather than to the personal independence that has come to us from the forests of Germania. The Celt, in his very struggles to be free, moves in masses wherein all individual opinions are silenced, and where, consequently, the natural tendency is to excess. Tempting as all this is, as historical generalization, it is very apt to prove rather more than is required when brought too conspicuously forward in practical politics. As an apology for English misrule in Ireland, any such general inferences are manifestly wide of the mark. The complaint which impartial history has to prefer against the Anglo-Norman conquerors of Ireland is, that finding the national character to be what it was, they deliberately fostered its worst vices to serve their own passion for power and plunder. They threw by Irish factions, and they accordingly fostered them; they met intolerance with bigotry still more intense, and they caused patriotism to be rewarded with confiscation, with imprisonment, and with death. Purlong centuries, this policy was steadily pursued, and the slow and painful steps with which it is now being retraced only show that though the injustice of the past may be disavowed, its atonement cannot be evaded. How much English misrule helped to make the Irish what they are, may be gathered from the historical fact that the English settlers became in a single generation more "Irish than the Irish themselves," and that in the notable instance of Tipperary, where the exterminated Irish were replaced by a colony of CROMWELL'S stern soldiery, we have a Saxon race which more than rivals the purely native element in turbulence and deeds of blood.

We have another still more vital charge against English misrule in Ireland. The Home Government has neglected national education so grossly in this as in other parts of the Dominion, that we owe more than half our adult ignorance and a very large proportion of our juvenile illiteracy to that neglect. We are quite aware of all that can be said on the side of the so-called "national" system of Ireland. With all its excellences—and these, be it remembered, are of comparatively recent institution—it falls far short of our lowest ideal of popular instruction. Here, however, we must recognize another element which must bear part of the responsibility of demoralizing the Irish character. We refer to the priesthood. We give the religious teachers of the Irish all the credit they deserve for their efforts to restrain the lawlessness of their flocks, both here and on their parent soil. We will even concede that a very large proportion of the men who are the tools of unscrupulous demagogues seldom come within the reach of the priest's voice. But who are mainly responsible for the indifference to education among all ranks of Irishmen—for the growth of a class, of portentous size, whose ignorance is only equaled by their superstitious bigotry? To see how much the genius of Roman Catholicism has had to do with the formation of Irish character, we have only to compare its condition now and three centuries ago with that of the sister Kingdom of Scotland. Early in the sixteenth century, the hold of the Church of Rome was equally complete over both. In no part of Europe had the pretended miracles of the Church been grosser, or more transparent than in North Britain—nowhere was popular ignorance more intense or the reign of popular superstition more complete. The early Scottish Reformers were enthusiastic advocates of popular education, and even proposed that the confiscated estates of the Romish Church should be equally devoted to the maintenance of the parish school and the parish church. Though this "devout imagination," as their grasping allies of the nobility called it, was not realized, the convictions which dictated it were never departed from. The Church of Rome completely lost her hold upon Scotland, and from being one of the most benighted communities of Europe, three centuries of Protestantism and popular education have left its inhabitants with less illiteracy among them than any other people of the Old World, with the single exception of Prussia. Over Ireland, on the other hand, the Church has never lost her hold, and the result is as we see it—illiberal culture almost everywhere at a discount, and popular ignorance nourished under the very shadow of the house of prayer. It is not national poverty that has made this difference, for of the two countries compared, Scotland has, for the greater portion of the interval in question, been the poorer of the two. Nor is it altogether the neglect of the Central Government, for that has been, in both cases, perfectly equal, or if there has been any difference, it has been in favor of Ireland. Nor can it with justice be put down to "Irish nature," for Celt, Norseman and Saxon enter into the composition of both nationalities, and though their relative proportions have been somewhat different, there is no such "tyranny of organism" in any race as the accepting of such an excuse would compel us to believe. The simple explanation of the different ratio of progress between Scotland and Ireland during the last three centuries, is, that the Presbyterian Reformers went to the people with the appeal: "We speak as unto reasonable men, *judge* ye what we say," while the Roman Catholic priests continued to say in Ireland, "We speak the voice of the Infallible Church, *accept* ye what we say." The one awakened reason and conscience, the other created a blind submission to authority, which is the ally of all despotisms, and the deadliest foe to the healthy growth of society.

Churches change, both in spirit and representatives—as witness the presence of Dr. *Time-server* FIELD in a communion which cherishes the memory of the incorruptible piety of ANDREW MELVILLE, and the noble enthusiasm for popular freedom of BUCHANAN. But, on the whole, the line is as sharply drawn today between the educational policy of Romanism and of the various sections of Protestant Christians as it was when they parted company. The ignorant immigrant is met in this City by influences as corrupting as any by which PLANTAGENET or TUDOR debased his ancestors. He is not, indeed, treated like a serf; on the contrary, he is courted and set in high places. But he is bribed and cajoled to betray the liberties of the country of his adoption, just as effectually as his chiefs of the olden time were bribed to betray the liberties of the country of their birth. His priests look askance at public schools over which they have no control, and strengthen the hands of the men who employ him for the basest purposes. Amid an atmosphere of freedom he lives the abject slave of demagogues and public swindlers. His ignorance keeps him from discovering for himself the political lessons of the times; his masters take very good care that any truth which reaches him shall be colored to suit their own purposes. We cannot, if we would, emancipate ourselves from Irishmen, but we can emancipate the Irish themselves. So long as the City is governed by men to whom the Irish vote is a vital necessity, so long will their dupes be shamefully corrupted and their worst passions fed. Let the average Irishman grow up apart from the curse of civic patronage and civic pay, where his priests are not encouraged in a "meddle-and-muddle" policy with regard to popular education, and where he finds that while the law concedes him rights, it is strong enough to demand of him certain duties, and we shall soon find him develop into a more desirable citizen than he commonly proves in New-York. There is no need for imparting into the crusade against Tammany elements of international hatred. Educated Irishmen who love their own people ought to join it, as much as freedom-loving Americans and Germans. The ax is already laid to the root of the tree, and it needs but a persistent series of strong and well-directed blows to send it home.

"The Devastation Charge."

Mayor HALL is reported to have made at least one sensible observation during the recent disturbances to the effect that he "did not dread either Ribbonmen or Orangemen so much as the dangerous classes who are watching for the chance of plunder and violence." We have warned the public so much of the perilous material which underlies the surface of society in New-York, that the subject has become almost monotonous. And yet every fresh event like this terrible riot should remind our citizens that we are in this City over the crust of a volcano. The comfortable classes, in the ecstasies of luxury, or the hot pursuit of ambition and wealth, are always liable to forget the explosive and terrible forces which ferment beneath the gay surface of the world. We cannot too often call their attention to the fact that there is in every large city, and especially in this, a powerful "dangerous class," who care nothing for our liberty or civilization, who are indifferent to either the Catholic or Protestant faith—though perhaps more often nominally Romanist—who burrow at the roots of society, and only come forth in the darkness and in times of disturbance, to plunder and prey on the good things which surround them, but which they never reach. If we attempt to analyze their component parts, we find the class made up of very diverse and mingled material. A large proportion are the "floating" boys and young men of a great city—youths who never had a home, who never enter a church, and seldom a school, who are first domiciled in barges and boxes, and later in engine-houses and thieves' lodgings. They are ignorant, dissolute, passionate, living partly on the spoils of crime and partly by chance jobs or political services. They are "the roughs" on whom Democratic politicians have so long depended, and who have elected so many Democratic Judges. These young ruffians make the "gangs," so notorious in various parts of the City, who murder on the slightest provocation, and to whom a street riot and a fight are the normal conditions of existence.

With these homeless rowdies and youthful ruffians associate the regular and professional criminals of a large city, who are always on the watch for plunder: the sneak-thieves, pickpockets, petty thieves, burglars, vagabonds, and rogues of every description. These creatures are hidden commonly in their various dens, coming forth like wild beasts at night, or when murder or riot are abroad. The Police know them; the City has experienced them; their hand is against every man. But all these combinations would constitute no serious danger to the community, were there not still another and powerful element, always ready to unite with the more unprincipled material: we mean the poorest and lowest laboring class. These men and women in all great cities drudge year after year in fruitless labor. They never rise above their position; they see the gilded rewards of toil all about them, and can never grasp them. The employers and the rich seem to them heartless and selfish oppressors. In their blind and unconscious way, they feel themselves wronged and cheated by the comfortable classes of society. They long for a share in the luxuries which are always flaunted in their faces. They hate the rich. They believe a time will come when the blessings of life will be divided among them, too. This class of working men in our City are mainly Irish Catholics. They are densely ignorant, and easily aroused by prejudice or passion. Let them once break forth, and their passion and violence would soon take its direction toward the property of the rich and the well-to-do.

Now with all these and other elements—such as foreign communists and extreme labor-union doctrines—there is a vast, explosive, dangerous mass of poor and ignorant human beings in this City. Had those rioters in Eighth-avenue overpowered the Police and the military, there would have been such a reign of destruction and plunder as this City never witnessed. This explosive material would have fired like gunpowder. Now that the peril has passed, it becomes all reflecting and thoughtful citizens to ask whether they are doing their part to aid in removing these dangers. Wealth has no right to [illegible] where such perils are about. In[illegible] is bound to offer its part in the [illegible] with crime and ignorance. [illegible] men or women with any sense of [illegible] or any prudence, ought to lend their [illegible] to the many wise efforts now being made in this week, to elevate and [illegible] the dangerous classes. Nothing but [illegible] and moral and religious [illegible] are of any avail to remove the [illegible] from this source. Wherever a [illegible] effort is being made to shelter, to instruct, to improve, or to morally or religiously [illegible] the abandoned youth, and the [illegible] laboring classes of New-York, there the intelligent, the wealthy and the patriotic [illegible] be present to heartily assist.

[illegible] Acrobat.

It is one [illegible] marks of true greatness that it is [illegible] revealing, in sudden emergencies, [illegible] unexpected capacities. If [illegible] doubted heretofore that our [illegible] was a man entirely great, [illegible] may he can doubt no longer. [illegible] we praised his piety; on Saturday [illegible] his valor. But we did not then know the full extent of his wonderful [illegible] on the memorable Twelfth, nor how he exhibited a new virtue, in which perhaps he is destined to attain his proudest [illegible]. Of the hurried story of his [illegible] were compelled to give only the meagrest outline, and although its thrilling interest could even thus be perceived, we did not apprehend its real magnificence. The more satisfying realization is now supplied to us by the amiability of the wounded hero himself and the enterprise of his official [illegible], which gives the world, from his own pen, the true history of that hair-breadth escape, and exhibits the valorous and devout Colonel to the world in the novel glory of a [illegible] acrobat.

How the Colonel rushed to battle in his shirt-sleeves, and waved his sword like another *Fritz* in one of Offenbach's operas, and cried to the rioters "Come on!" our readers already know. They know, too, how the circus did come on; how, in the polished language of the hero himself, "they went for him," and smote him sore, and trampled him down, and defiled his clothes, and stamped on him. This City knows, because the Colonel has told them and all the world, of his bravery and his sufferings. But what happened after that cruel overthrow is now for the first time made clear. "After the crowd passed me," says the modern Cæsar, historian of his own great deeds, "I arose to rise, and found I was *buried* about the feet." The modern CÆSAR, dashing blade that he is, is a trifle more careless of the niceties of Syntax than his prototype. But then he has doubtless been contaminated by association with our illiterate Mayor. His devoted followers, when they found their beloved leader was "buried," strove for the honor of carrying him to the rear. Indeed, from some accounts it would seem as if the entire regiment insisted on sharing this [illegible] duty. The crippled chieftain was taken to a neighboring bakery, where his ankle was "jerked back into place," and he was left to survey the scene of carnage below, like another Jove, from the Olympian of a second-story window. But presently the enemy found out his retreat. "Crowds," says the Colonel, poetically, "began to gather thick and fast about the door." So he "seized a heavy cane that had been given him and left by the back way." And now comes the revelation of his skill in a new capacity. Nobody, even of his intimates, we are sure, ever accused the fat Colonel of agility. It was as unsuspected as his devotion, until the occasion came. And then he was equal to the occasion. It became necessary to jump fences, and the Colonel jumped. "I must have jumped over five fences," he says modestly, before he reached a house, through which he essayed to gain the street. But his foes were there before him, and even his indomitable spirit quailed. Fortunately, a door was open on the opposite side of the way. To dart through it into the rear yard was, for his activity, the work of a moment. But the yard was surrounded by a high fence. The Colonel was not baffled, but referring to his wonderful resource, he found a barrel, and climbed over the fence. Then he "climbed several more fences," till he had fairly climbed his way to a remote distance from the scene of conflict. Exhausted, and all but discouraged, he flings himself on the mercy of a casual Irishman, whom he calls his "preserver," and bribes into lending him the *débris* of his wardrobe. So accoutered the hero issues forth, and naturally, in the first carriage he meets, finds JAY GOULD. The joys of that happy meeting we do not venture to depict. There are some things too sacred for mortal pen, and so we lower the curtain on *Damon* and *Pythias* locked in a fond embrace, and sharing their anxieties and their achievements.

But one thing is certain. If all else fails, if sometime Judges cannot be bought nor railroads be stolen, if grim-visaged war should never again offer the Colonel his favorite career, if his fleet should be sunk and his Opera-house burn down and Erie repudiate him, and even *Pythias* go back on him, the Colonel has only to set up as an acrobat to make his fortune at once. Launching his lithe and graceful form through the airy perils of the flying trapeze, LEOTARD would not be a touch to him, and BLONDIN would die of envy if he once saw our hero dance the tight-rope. By all means let him join the nearest circus and practice for that glorious opening. Gymnastics are clearly his forte, even though with so versatile a genius, it seems presumptuous to say that he has a forte. Mayor HALL has been called the modern Admirable Crichton, because he does almost everything worse than anybody else. We thought at the time that Mr. VANLEW was entitled to the distinction. But now we cheerfully concede the proud title to Col. FISK, Jr., financier, soldier, sailor, historian, manager, acrobat, superior to Mr. VANLEW in everything, not even excepting rascality.

Political Aspects of the Riot.

Any one who has come in contact with the people, of whatever class, during the last three days, must have become convinced that the events of the past week in this City have produced an impression on the public mind that will not be permitted to die away without some kind of action, in the immediate future, with reference thereto. Prone as the people of this cosmopolitan City are to forget today what was done yesterday, and to consign to oblivion as only a nine days' wonder the most startling events that can transpire before their eyes, yet the occurrences of Wednesday last, with the facts and circumstances attending them, have, for once, taken a deeper and more permanent hold on the community, and one that will not be relaxed until it has been productive of results. What these results shall be, and the mode in which they shall be brought about, are the questions that exercise the mind of every intelligent and law-abiding citizen of New-York. That the action to be taken ought to, and must of necessity, be more or less of a political character is admitted by all; for in a government based on universal suffrage, this is the only legal and practicable way in which wrongs of a public nature can be righted.

We have received numerous communications suggesting the means best calculated to meet the emergency. One class thinks a native American party should be revived here to take the City out of the control of foreigners, who for the most part fill our public offices. Another thinks that an anti-Irish Catholic party should be formed—the suggestion arising doubtless from the fact that our latest troubles have mainly grown out of the intolerance and lawlessness of Irishmen and Catholics. But neither of these suggestions, if carried out, would be likely to secure the result sought for, and, what is of still greater consequence, they would not be just in themselves. It is [illegible] that native-born Americans ought to have more voice in the control of our City Government than they have had during the last twenty years, but it is equally true that a very large proportion of our foreign-born population are as truly and thoroughly American in feeling and sentiment as natives of the soil, and are equally desirous of securing a capable, efficient, honest, and economical Municipal Government. It is also true that there are very many men of the Roman Catholic faith who are utterly opposed to the intolerance and lawlessness which so often manifest themselves among the ignorant masses who profess the same faith. What the respectable and law-abiding people of this City need is a combination among themselves, without distinction of nationality, creed or color, to put down the political demagogues, both native and foreign, who have elevated themselves to power by catering to the ignorant and criminal element of our population, and by encouraging their lawlessness and intolerance, and who care nothing for the good name, welfare and prosperity of the City, or the well-being of its citizens, so long as they can retain their places and continue to enrich themselves by plundering the City Treasury. The stigma that has been brought on the Metropolis during the past week, with all its attendant misery and suffering, is the result of nothing else but a determination on the part of the present rulers to retain, at all hazards, the political support of this lawless element. Circumstances occurring since the riot show that they are even ready to repudiate and throw overboard their own Governor and prospective candidate for the Presidency, rather than incur the opposition of the lowest class of our Irish population. Now, what Americans and Germans, and all others who wish for law and order and good government should do is to teach these corrupt demagogues that there are other people who have votes, and whose good opinion is worth cultivating besides the lowest dregs of our population. The overwhelming evidence of fraud, corruption, and official rascality that has been brought home to the men who now rule this City ought long ago to have aroused our citizens to combine together and hurl them from power, independent of their known affiliation with the "dangerous classes" who engaged in the late riot. They have not only robbed the City Treasury of millions of dollars, and increased our debt over eighty millions within the last three years, but they have defrauded us of the dearest birthright of American citizens—the right to vote, and to have our votes fairly counted as polled. It is a well-known and indisputable fact, that there has not been an election in this City for five years, where the result as declared was within twenty thousand of the correct vote as polled.

This is an outrage that must be stopped first of all, and at all hazards. All good citizens, of all nationalities, are equally interested in putting a stop to it. The next point to be reaffirmed and securely established, is the equality of rights and privileges of all citizens, irrespective of nationality, creed or color. And last, but not least, there must be such a reform in the administration of the City Government as shall secure full publicity of all official acts, together with economy and strict accountability on the part of every man holding office. Let a political party be organized, with these three principles as a basis, let them be distinctly embodied in its platform, and every candidate for office be pledged to their support, and it cannot fail of success, for it will attract to its ranks every honest voter in the City, whatever may be his nationality, his religion, or his past party affiliations.

Wanted—A Revenue Police.

On Friday morning a "raid" was made in Brooklyn on one of the illicit distilleries of that city. It was an imposing movement, and is described, in the proper heroic style, in the local journals. There was a full force—marshal and deputy marshals, assessor and assistant assessors, deputy collectors and United States gangers, and there was also a company of United States Marines. The still was located under the very walls of the navy-yard, and was situated so that it could be surrounded. The net result of the effort was a badly-wounded United States official and two prisoners. Other parties for whom warrants were out were warned and had fled, and the still had been torn down and carried off. The result, though of more account than on some previous occasions, was pitiably disproportioned to the amount of force employed, and was certainly far short of what was aimed at. We must not be supposed to condemn Assessor JOURDAN for having made the "raid." He made a careful, energetic use of all the means he had. Those means failed, as they have failed a score of times before, not because they are not adequate in the amount of force employed, but because the force is not of the right kind. It is made up of a motley collection of subordinate officials, selected, in the main, for entirely different duties, untrained, inexperienced, and unadapted for Police duty. This little crowd of officials was supported by the bayonets and bullets of United States Marines, as they always have to be in going to the Fifth Ward in Brooklyn. Now, if Deputy Marshals and Assistant Assessors are not the men to root out stills, or arrest distillers—and with all respect to their courage and fidelity, they are not—United States Marines afford the very clumsiest of supports in such a movement. Marines, or troops, acting in bodies, by simultaneous movements, are intended to act against similar bodies. Thus employed they are efficient. But with ordinary law-breakers, except to keep a mob at bay that chooses to press down directly on them, they are useless.

The defect in the administration of the Revenue laws in Brooklyn, prevails to some extent everywhere. It is due to the want of a proper Federal Police. Such a Police, properly trained, and transferred as occasion required from point to point in the country, would be more economical and more efficient than the present composite revenue force. The longer they were employed, the more efficient they would become. They would easily learn the haunts of the law-breakers, ascertain their habits, and could upon occasion effect seizures and arrests which are now almost out of the question. We should then have the energy of the revenue officers turned to better account, and the stern determination of the Federal Courts would be doubly effective in deterring frauds on the revenue, because it would be furnished with twice the objects of punishment.

A CITY CLAIMED.

The Inhabitants of Olney, Ill., Receive Some Unpleasant News—An Enterprising Lawyer Claims it is Built Upon Government Land.

The city of Olney, Ill., is the county-seat of Richmond County, and is a smart, thriving place of 5,000 or 6,000 people. Recently a patent from the United States has been issued covering almost the entire land on which the city is located. The patent was issued to E. G. WILSON, a lawyer of Olney. The circumstances which led to the issue of this patent are stated to be as follows: The city of Olney is situated on the west half of the south-east quarter of section 34, town 4, north of range 10, east of the third principal meridian. In 1818, DAVID RAWLINGS entered a tract of land, which was supposed for a long time to answer the above description. He made a partial payment on the land, and afterward transferred his papers to one ELLIOTT, who completed the payment and procured a certificate for a patent. The patent was issued, and is still in existence, but the land described is the corresponding section in town 4 south instead of town 4 north. ELLIOTT sold the land in parcels to various parties, and his grantees laid out the town—now city—of Olney, and sold lots under the title from ELLIOTT.

For some time past parties have been working up the matter, and their efforts culminated in a letter from the General Land Office, dated Feb. 11, 1870. The letter notified W. P. BARTH, Esq., Register of the Land Office there, that the west half of the southern quarter of section 34, town 4, north of range 10, east of the third principal meridian, in the former Palestine district of Illinois, was vacant on the record of the General Land Office, and that Register was ordered to hear it subject to entry under the pre-emption and homestead entry laws, but not to permit entry until regularly restored to the market after thirty days' public notice. This prohibition of entry until after the land had been restored to market by public notice would have prevented the intended purchase by Mr. WILSON, but for a provision in a law passed April 21, 1866. Congress, in reinstating one EDWARD POMEROY in the value of some 6,000 acres of land which he had entered, but the title to which he had lost through no fault of his own, a scrip was made receivable for public lands to which was attached no such restriction. The land was surveyed, whether the land had been made subject to entry or not. It was with this scrip that the purchase was made, and the land office was obliged to receive it under the law. The patent to Mr. WILSON is dated March, 1871, but was not received until last June.

The case is a very hard one on the holders of the land, and the title of Mr. WILSON will no doubt be fought with every legal appliance. Had the Land Office been requested to correct the error in ELLIOTT'S patent, which it said to be evident, before WILSON'S patent was issued, it would probably have been done; but now the Courts must decide between the possessors of the property and the adverse claimants.

INSIDE A PEST-HOUSE.

Visit to the Blackwell's Island Small-Pox Hospital.

Scenes on the Way—The Patients at the Institution—Abuses Described and Reforms Suggested.

The most adventurous searcher after facts to make pen-pictures of in the various phases of life in this great City, would hardly, of choice, select the Small-pox Hospital. A chartered member of the family stricken by the foul epidemic fairnesses the unwearied for occasion to find out all about the place that the people there seem willing to impart. The first thing to be done is to seek means of communication by which news can be obtained of the invalid. Armed with letters to a great man of the Board of Health, he kindly furnishes a note to the Superintendent of the Office of the Charities and Corrections' Department, corner Eleventh-street and Third-avenue. Here interviewing the kindly old gentleman with gold spectacles and patriarchal beard, who so patiently listens to the monotonous stream of woes, ever varying in their details, handing out dollars to one, tickets to another, receiving parcels from a third, with busy pen, unnumbered notes, and an army of clerks and messengers, a note is made and a promise passed to write officially at once to the physician in charge, so that anxious hearts may by his bulletins know how fares their loved ones, and by chance a woman who has just lost two children and comes to ask that they may be put in one coffin before delivery to her, brings good tidings so far. To write a private letter, too, to that physician seems no bad idea, or unnatural, under the circumstances, nor one calculated to irritate by any undue importunity, and the idea is acted on. Three days of "hope deferred" and weary anxiety "make the heart sick." No answer arrives to either official or private correspondence. Can that medical functionary be a fossil, or have "bowels of compassion" at all? At a fourth blank application at Mr. KELLOGG'S desk, a ticket is granted for a passage across the river in the steamer *Bellevue*. Taking a "bob" car next morning, lost in the mass of the riverside piers, with the forests of masts, pyramids of barrels, jams of mammoth drays, taking up but very few passengers, and these chiefly of an unmistakably nautical type, the wanderer intimates to the conductor that, being as strange in these wild purlieus of the City as if in Shanghae or Stockholm, he would be glad to be dropped at Twenty-sixth-street. Not altogether trusting to the undivided attention of this man, quite civil and obliging in his way, a good look out is kept as we seem, after threading in and out and doubling up and down streets and along docks like a hare before hounds, to be approaching the destination; but the numbers seem to be about here either wholly or partially removed from the corner street-lamps. Finally, with an empty car and an uneasy feeling that perhaps the goal has been past, the question put affords the self-reproach of the worthy collector of fares, hitherto buried in his own abstraction, who exclaims that he has only brought his victim ten blocks too far, puts him in a return car, guarantees a free passage to atone for his blunder, and vanishes, looking seriously sorry. The Pharaoh of the second car, however, declines so recognize Joseph, and is enriched by another five cents; also tenaciously refuses to stir till his time is up. The moments flew on leaden wings. Oh! at last, slowly, very slowly, it seems an age before the corner of Bellevue Hospital is reached. With a spring from the car, the passenger per *Bellevue* runs "like a lamplighter" down the street to find the steamer just away, the doors of the pest jealously barred, a squad of squalid women and children trying to peer through the chinks, a tug-boat, gorgeous in gold and brilliant painting, with a stolid deckhand staring at the disappointed stranger. A beautiful yacht, painted gray, guessed to be the *Wanderer*, placidly lies in the stream just above. A wizened old man, with a little red face in a big red scarf, and a very ragged fragment of what was once a hat, says there will be another boat at 3 P. M., and that "none and have gone before any war. Ther were two boat loads of prisoners."

Taking time by the forelock, 12, P. M. finds the writer one of a motley throng. Asked his business by a very dirty young man in ragged shirt, rough straw hat, and an apology for pants, he produces the permissive document to cross, it told perhaps there'll be an hour or more waiting, and looks about him. Truly, a motley assemblage. One ancient and portly policeman, with a truly Roman and impartial distinction to distinguish between persons, presses all back near the entrance with a manner courteous to inhuman inferiority. A dapper youth with gold stripe down his army pants, an army blouse, straw hat with black ribbon, with two youthful friends, faultlessly attired in the height of modest fashion, carrying canes, look shocked and surprised. With eye but faintly shadowing the downy promise of future hirsute honors, an unmistakable military set-up and haughty air, they look the *beau ideal* of recently graduated cadets, possibly even "Prince" Fuad and his friends, though what they can be doing here is a puzzle. Over against them is a group of loud-talking, flashily and expensively dressed, tolerably-featured women, some even looking positively beautiful, with golden plaits and raven rolls and abundance of jewelry, and if they don't belie their manners and the familiarity they seem to have with the names and uses of various public buildings and institutions within sight, such as the House of Correction, and that element Police equivalent the "Black Maria," which had been there in the morning and noon, and so on, they seem to belong to the unfortunate bands of "mates" sent to durance by stern Judges from the "pooled" palaces of the City slums. But what seems to mention this is the fact that the only policeman there, previously described, seems only intent on keeping the crowded mass at the very threshold of the uninviting porch that barely affords a shelter from the scorching sun, and nothing seems to hinder them going where they list in the rear. Decent-looking working women, some cheerful, some very dismal, with mighty market-baskets, seem bound on saying "aid and comfort" to some dear friend lying sick. A sprinkling of women in mourning; one poor old woman apparently within a step of the grave, tottering forward supported by another, but younger, old woman, her daughter, and seeks to spend her remaining days in the workhouse. Poor old soul! There's room to forcibly assert the fact, and she is ruthlessly sent back amid general ejaculations of pity, to get the paper dirked by the doctor somewhere or other, directions given in the usual high tones of ignorant people when they talk to the maimed, the deaf, or foreigners. There are many others, pretty all women, chiefly poor enough in their garments, some with tawdry finery and dreary looks, older ones like grenadier caps, and appearances decidedly unfavorable to any surmise as to their unconsciousness of modesty; some children, one or two babies, here passive and with chocolate, calm and reticent, seemingly strangely out of place in such a throng, a few gentlemen, older and graver, more nervous, and betraying as much how little they are used to this sort of thing. Over and anon comes the voice of authority, "Back there! back, all of you! get back to that door, and don't come an inch further!" The press is opened, crushing cries and crushing ribs, while wagons and beggies drive in and out, bringing fearful patients, soiled, (at which sight low wailing bursts forth here and there) and sporting-looking officials. At last, about 2½ P. M., the best arrives. The burly policeman plants himself near the out entrance well of the Park about half-way through, and loudly directs all to prepare their tickets and their fare, and to pass between him and the wall. The Captain of the steamer stands by to receive the fare, twenty cents, and to hand a permit to visit the hospital, and the assemblage passes slowly on by ones. Some adventurous try to pass by the broad path be-

hind the ringing and are already mortified. On at last to the boat, a landing is specially affected by the visitors to the hospitals. The gay ladies go elsewhere to? And so do the great majority. The goats and sheep are separated. The few coming to hear of small-pox patients are separated, and after the rest have vanished with the great gray building, a man with red eyes, apparently nearly destroyed by opthalmia, stealthily comes down through a gate at the side, which half-opened is again barred, so that one must stoop to get through, and so helps to prevent some reckless man from running the mesh of guardians in defiance of the sanitary regulations. Messages and letters are received with caution, and finally after three-quarters of an hour's unconscionable waiting, two answers are brought back. The others neglected! One lady who is anxious to find out whether a young man, an employe of her husband, had received some clothes they had ordered from his boarding-house, finds out he can't have them till he goes out, that they were safe in the doctor's office, and stated that the poor fellow had been writing daily about them, and was in a sad state of mind. They had actually not the common sense to tell him what would have put him at ease at once. Another gentleman, who had brought a few valises for his identical friend, related similar experiences. The rain came down, the few inquirers thrown close together thawed, and served there seemed something very heartless in this neglect to communicate either to patients or friends what they are anxious to know. Why could not a daily bulletin be issued by the early hour to the Commissioners' office, and conspicuously posted there, that all may run and read? It could cost but little trouble, and would be a boon to be appreciated by all who have had, have or may have to suffer from the present or future visitation. By this time the prisoners had been marshaled up to the Penitentiary. The boat had been gone for a long time, and might be expected to return at any moment. Francis with fears at not getting an answer, and after all this trouble to be again miserably disappointed, or to be delayed till the last boat, and so bowed to break important engagements the writer suffered, and so did others. The boat did appear. When quite close, the red-eyed man leisurely appeared, and after giving all answers but one, informed the gentleman who had brought the valise and the anxious lady that their friend had been cured, and had left for New-York by the early train, taking with him, which at the last moment, after the gang-plank had been taken in, had to be thrown to him. So much for the way folks are kept in the dark by this barbarous system. It is bad enough to separate families in cases of contagion. If necessary, however, (and in England and every other civilized place they don't think so, or dare not so infringe on the liberty of the subject, anyhow,) the individual sent to the lazaretto should have why unnecessarily makes an unavoidable trouble almost unendurable—thus aggravating the evils inflicted by Providence? Still without, an answer, nursing the red-eyed man to take consideration, he finally bestirred himself, and starting on the return, the boat was met by one which happened to be coming, had good news to the last passengers on the departing Bellevue. A new lot of passengers seem to have replaced the others who had come from New-York. Girls cheeky in a sort of uniform, poor old women, evidently people tired of the work-house, and poor and wretched as they were, a great many of them evidently would get their bread in freedom. It is not a pleasant trip, will never be a pleasant memory, and not even the honors attained by the "Amateur Casual," or the gentleman who got himself locked up in the Debtor's Jail to see how it felt, would induce a repetition further than is absolutely requisite by

VACCINATED.

AMUSEMENTS.

Incidents of the Week.

Mr. BOUCICAULT'S new drama of "Elfie," much improved in its effect since its first performance on Monday, keeps upon the bills at Wallack's until further notice. The story of the piece has already been unrolled in these columns. Its latest rehearsals do not suggest any change of opinion as to the merits of the recital. Nothing can be more quietly touching than Mr. CHARLES FISHER'S personation of the blind sailor, and nothing funnier, if spasmodic laughter is to be taken as any proof of drollery, than Mr. J. H. STODDART'S caricature-work. Mr. B. T. RINGGOLD, is to be credited with a picture of unusual depth and elaborateness, and Mr. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH with a satisfactory sketch of *Dr. Arrowtip*, whom the actor might, however, endow with a good deal more warmth and enthusiasm than that personage now possesses. We cannot rank Miss ESTHER GRAMON'S *Elfie* with that lady's happiest efforts, but though the drama was intended to be a "star-play," the part is by no means a "star part," and if not suited to the artist, is not freighted with the fortunes of a piece attractive by many traits. Of the superb setting of "Elfie," we have written already in commendatory terms. Mr. MOSS is the single manager who has evinced liberality enough to put forth in the midst of the dog days a new piece, with a strong distribution, and with accessories numerous and costly enough for the most prosperous season of the year. ....Mr. DALY will close the Fifth-avenue Theatre after Wednesday night next, when a benefit entertainment will be given by which Mr. BOWDITCH, Business Manager, and Mr. APPERSON, Treasurer, are to profit. A fresh selection of pieces has graced the house-bill since Monday evening. We have of late had proof that there was much more promise of originality held out by these programmes than the successes justified. "An Angel" is as genuine an American comedy as was "Lucky." In other words, it is an adaptation from the French, with improbabilities in Paris become impossibilities in New-York, and the whole state of affairs as purely imaginative as would be a sketch of social life in the moon. As a conglomeration of absurdities, "An Angel," compressed into one act, and played with briskness, would serve as an excusable introduction to a substantial comedy. In its more pretentious form, even the comicalities of Mr. DAVENPORT, who bustles about, a rather rusted *Don Juan*, could hardly make it endurable. The after-piece to "An Angel" was "The Savage and the Maiden," wherof the incident is found in *Nicholas Nickleby*. The appearance of Mr. LEWIS as an Indian brave, and that of Mrs. GILBERT as a ballet dancer of tender years, could not well be provocative of aught but unanimous and continuous merriment, though we are not prepared to say that the practice of a first-rate theatre gains brilliancy by similar exhibitions. ....The Irish drama, which has flourished at Niblo's for some weeks, was set aside after last evening's entertainment, and to-morrow "Across the Continent," with Mr. OLIVER DOUD BYRON, succeeds "The Colleen Bawn." The former piece, and the principal actor were both familiar with in this place two months ago, or thereabout. ....At the Olympic to-morrow, Mr. JOHNNY ALLEN is to begin a brief engagement, in "Schneider," a drama whereof the hero is a German-American of the free and accepted type. ....At Wood's Museum, on Monday, a version of "Les Misérables" will be acted. Mr. J. C. BOMFRAGE will be *Jean Valjean*, and Miss ISA TOURNEY *Fantine*. ....A very pleasing entertainment is that of the Berger family, now in tenancy of Lina Edwin's Theatre. The laughable songs and impersonations of Mr. S. S. RUSSELL excepted, the performance is made up of music, contributed, as to the instrumental selections, by the Bergers, and by Miss MAUD STANLEY as to the vocal part. A varied programme is capitally interpreted by these artists, and the execution of solos and concerted pieces by means of deftly-handled silvern bells is exceedingly skillful and charmingly effective in its results.

Home Notes.

M. LEFRANC, the distinguished tenor, sailed for Europe yesterday. He will return in October. MM. GAUDIN and HERVE of the French Opera Bouffe troupe sailed yesterday also. ....The following particulars of the intended international jubilee are supplied by the *Boston Advertiser*, which journal says: "Many of our readers are already informed of Mr. GILMORE'S design for a musical festival in Boston next year, comprising many features unattempted in the festival of 1869, and far surpassing in all its features that wonderfully successful enterprise. The vast contemplations are less than a union of all nations, to be represented by their own trained musical artists, instrumental and vocal, and all uniting under one canopy and one leadership in a world's jubilee of song. The time selected is the month of June; the conditions—a vast tournament and a chorus of 20,000 voices, with a Coliseum capable of seating 100,000 people; with the assurances of co-operation which Mr. GILMORE has received at home and abroad, from musicians who have faith in the project on both sides, and from musical celebrities on the other, he has determined, as we understand, to launch his great enterprise, and trust the public for the sympathy and good will which can alone secure its successful achievement. It is well known that, when this grand project was first foreshadowed, fabulous offers were made in behalf of other cities to secure the festival if it were really to be carried forward. But here Mr. GILMORE is on his native heath; the conditions of musical success are more favorable than can be found elsewhere; the combinations required in a work of such vast magnitude can be more readily made and controlled; and experience encourages the belief that the hospitality of the city and the State will be equal to all the demands that can be made upon it. Mr. GILMORE is prepared for the interdebtry which his plans may encounter in some quarters, but with the abounding faith which has enabled him to surmount great difficulties hitherto, he is ready to take the risk, and let those laugh who win." ....Miss CARY sang at the Brunswick College Commencement, in Portland, Me., on Tuesday last. ....Mr. FRANK MAYO is giving readings in St. Paul. ....JOHN DILLON is at Wood's Museum, in Chicago. ....Bryant's Minstrels occupy the Globe Theatre, in Boston, this week. ....Mr. ROBERT CRAIG is acting in burlesque at the Boston Museum. ....Mr. and Mrs. LINGARD are acting at the California Theatre, to immense audiences, according to the San Francisco papers. ....Messrs. EDWIN ADAMS and JOHN MCCULLOUGH are about to begin an engagement at Salt Lake City. ....Mlle. SULLY and M. GIERRERUCK are in San Francisco preparing an opera bouffe season. ....Mr. JOHN E. OWENS is to fill an eighteen weeks' engagement at the Boston Theatre in the Fall. At least it is so rumored. ....The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Boston Theatre was held on Monday. The Treasurer's report stated that the cost of altering and repairing the theatre last Summer was between $50,000 and $60,000, exclusive of interest, and some incidentals which amounted to about $1,000 more. The minority, represented by J. H. THAYER, Esq., protested against such a large outlay, as being double that estimated at the last annual meeting by the Directors, as being necessary to affect the improvements contemplated, and also because the outlay in one year exceeded the amount ($25,000) received for two years' rental of the theatre from the lessees. It was understood at the last meeting that the directors had leased the theatre for two years (a third year's use thereof being optional with the lessees) for an annual rental of $24,000, the directors agreeing to put the theatre in repair. It was stated yesterday by the President, in response to inquiry, that the directors, in leasing the theatre on these terms, had made no attempt to ascertain the probable cost of the repairs then contemplated, and no agreement with the lessees that they should share the additional expense beyond the sum mentioned or anticipated; and that the directors had been obliged to borrow $24,000 to meet the additional cost. ....The Lina Edwin troupe, which was advertised to appear in Music Hall, in New-Haven, last Saturday, broke up in Springfield a few days before, and did not go to New-Haven. ....Miss. MATHILDE VERNEA was to begin an engagement in San Francisco, yesterday. ....The *Evening Wisconsin* of Milwaukee, describes HUMMELMACHER'S new Opera-house in a lengthened article. The structure is in the middle of Hummelmacher's block. The main entrance is on Oneida-street, and made prominent by an iron portico forty feet in length, supported by seven pilasters and four columns clear of the wall, all of iron, one foot in diameter, sixteen feet high, and of the Corinthian order. The portico projects six feet over the line of the pilasters and pillars, forming a massive balcony. The windows of the facade above this balcony are triple arched, with extra heavy stone caps, neatly wrought. The grand dimensions of the auditorium are 97 feet in breadth by 72 feet in depth, and 50 feet in height, from the front of the parquette to the centre of the dome in the ceiling. The house has fixed seats for 1,641 persons. Besides are 200 camp chairs, to be used in the rear of the dress circle and balcony, in case of a crowd. Thus the house will comfortably accommodate 1,350 persons. The building will be heated by steam. There are iron doors between the two sections of the whole building, to shut off a fire that may occur in either section. The floor under the Opera-house is fire-proof, with iron joists and brick arches. A tank full of water, on the gallery floor, holds 500 barrels of water, and there are sufficient lengths of hose to reach all parts of the house.

Foreign Gossip.

Miss VIOLETTA COLVILLE recently sang at Weimar, before the Grand Duke of ALTENBURG. Abbé LISZT honored her with a piano accompaniment, and after she had sung, overwhelmed her with compliments. ....The farewell of the lyric stage to be taken by Signor MARIO, is to occur as the Royal Italian Opera of London on July 19. The *Athenæum* observes: "It need scarcely be stated that the great Italian tenor has been no party to the raised tariff at the Covent Garden box-office, where the price of stalls soared in thirty shillings, in place of the guineas. This is sharp practice on the part of the director, who ought to have adhered loyally to the house tariff, and left extortion to the middlemen who speculate in stalls and boxes." ....Nine out of the ten Hullah Prizes at the Society of Arts' Musical Examinations in London have been during the past five years won by Tonic Sol-fa pupils, the competition based on the old notation; 200 of the 225 certificates of all classes granted fell to the lot of the Tonic Sol-Fa scholars. As regards the examination in musical composition by Mr. MACFARREN, 143 certificates and four prizes have been awarded to Sol-Fa-ists. The result of the recent musical examinations by the Society of Arts has been that certificates for the theory of music have been issued to seventy-two candidates, and for composition to 13?. ....J. L. WARNER, only son of the late Mrs. WARNER, who held the management of Sadler's Wells Theatre some years ago, conjointly with Mr. PHELPS, died a few days ago, from consumption. The deceased was twenty-six years of age, and was married to a younger daughter of Mr. J. HERAUD, well known in dramatic circles as Miss LINON. A subscription has been set on foot for his widow and young child. ....Mr. HAZLEHAT is dramatizing *Ivanhoe*, the character of Rebecca being intended for Miss NEILSON. ....The *Pall Mall Gazette* treats in terms following of music under the Commune: "In the history of the Paris Conservatoire de Musique it must not be forgotten that the immediate successor of AUBER, as director of that institution was FRANCISCO DANIEL SALVADOR, a member of the Commune, who professed to be in music what COURBET was considered to be in painting—a realist and a Democrat. COURBET prided himself on painting men as he found them—and women also; witness the picture of 'The Bathers,' in which, instead of the conventional nymphs, he represented a number of ugly and common-place women splashing about in the water. SALVADOR'S notion of 'realism' in music is less intelligible. But there certainly exists already a sort of Democratic music—such music, for instance, as pleases the common people and disgusts persons of taste, the tunes of the music-halls and serfs' concerts, and music of all kinds as executed by barrel-organs and street-bands. SALVADOR, however, cannot have meant by 'Democratic music' 'real music,' or tolerable music spoiled. Neither did he mean good music brought within the reach of the people,' as in London quarters written by the greatest composers for princes and other magnates are now placed within the reach of every one. In SALVADOR'S system it was the music itself that was to be popular, and the aristocratic strain of the quartet, and of all chamber music, would, of no other sufficient reasons existed, have rendered that style distasteful to him. Besides, he wished his 'music of progress' to be heard by large masses, and it is said that he meditated a 'democratic and social opera,' which would have differed in many notable respects from the operas generally patronized by kings and princes. It was not to be in the style of WAGNER; indeed, as M. SALVADOR never rose above the post of second violin at the Folies Dramatiques, he would probably have found it very difficult to write for the orchestra in the style of WAGNER. Like M. SARDOU'S sculptor, who pondered over the statue which was to 'illustrate an epoch' ten years, and did not begin it then, M. SALVADOR never wrote a note of his threatened opera, but he published several pamphlets about it, and dedicated them to THIERS, of all persons! SEBILLOT, who was apparently the prima donna of the production. He had impressed the other members of the Commune by his views in talking about music, and doubtless any one who chooses to talk or write about music in a loud and vesicular manner may succeed in persuading unmusical friends that he is a great authority on the subject. Less preferment SALVADOR might have failed; but as director of the Conservatoire he would have had nothing to do but superintend the general working of the establishment, and occasionally, if so inclined, pronounce an opinion. He called one meeting of professors, but only two out of a large number attended the summons. After dinner afterward the troops from Versailles entered Paris, and the representative of democracy in music was captured, and, with other members of the Commune, shot."....At Cagliari, in the island of Sardinia, an opera by Signora CARLOTTA FERRARIO entitled "Floreska" has, according to the local newspapers, been received with the most enthusiastic welcome. Not only was the composer called before the curtain twelve times on the first performance of the opera, but on the tenth night of its performance a shower of bouquets fell on the Signora, a crown of laurel leaves was presented to her, poems were composed in her honor, and a ball given to commemorate the event, while the musical amateurs of Cagliari serenaded the fair authoress. "Ugo" and "Sofia" are two earlier operas of Signora FERRARIO, who, as a poetess and dramatist, seems to have earned golden opinions within the limits of the island of Sardinia.

THE BOATMEN'S TRAGEDY.

The Fatal Fight Between Canal Men at Port Colden, N. J.—Arrest of the Murderer.

The murder of Col. JOHN PENCH at Port Colden, N. J., of which a brief account was given yesterday, is the most exciting tragedy that has occurred in the northern part of New-Jersey for a long time past.

Port Colden is a small village of "two hundred" inhabitants, and situated less than two miles east of Washington on the Morris Canal. Well known among the boatmen who patronized the tradesmen of the place was JOHN PENCH, a man forty years of age, who was familiar with most of the residents of the place, to which he was known as "Colonel." He was a free drinker and had frequent quarrels. Another boatman, LORENZO DOW DOOLITTLE, had resided at Port Colden nearly five years, and has generally been esteemed. Between these two men a quarrel occurred but a few months ago, which, for a time, broke up the old friendship which existed between them, and PENCH appeared to be getting the better of his antagonist, and DOOLITTLE cried, "Let me go, won't you?" PENCH then promised to let him go if he would not attack him. DOOLITTLE acquiesced, and the fight then closed. PENCH subsequently left the store, followed shortly afterward by DOOLITTLE. He attacked PENCH again, and from the store the loungers watched the struggle. Not a word was said, but the struggle was soon terminated, and PENCH staggered to a barn about twenty paces distant, into which he entered, passing through into a garden. He finally fell under a cedar tree and expired. His body was found to contain four knife wounds, one in the left groin, one in the thigh, one in the stomach, and another in the heart. After the stabbing DOOLITTLE threw his knife into the canal and then called upon Dr. COLE, who dressed his eye, which he said had been hurt in a fight with PENCH. The villagers pursued him when they learned the fate of PENCH, and captured him in the road near Dr. COLE'S house. He was placed in custody in the house of JOHN WOOLSTON. A post-mortem examination was made on Friday by Dr. COLE and Dr. HERRICK. At the inquest, Justice WOOLSTON acted in the capacity of Coroner, Mr. JOSEPH VURE, the Prosecuting Attorney of Warren County, appearing against, and OSCAR JEFFERY, Esq., for the prisoner.

DOOLITTLE was removed yesterday afternoon to the jail at Belvidere. His trial will take place at the September Term of the Warren County Courts.

KILLED IN A DRUNKEN BOUT.

A Liquor-Dealer Stabs a Longshoreman in Brooklyn—Fatal Result of a Discussion About Orangemen.

Furman-street, Brooklyn, a locality already notorious for the crimes committed within its limits, was the scene of another bloody murder last night. The scene of the occurrence was a low groggery at No. 169 Furman-street, kept by DANIEL GALVIN. About 8 P. M. two sailors, named JOHN A. GARDNER and WM. J. WILSON, entered the saloon and commenced drinking, and at the end of about fifteen minutes they were joined by MICHAEL CAMPBELL, a longshoreman about forty years of age. After having indulged in copious draughts of liquor a quarrel ensued among the party. The cause of the misunderstanding is stated to have been a difference of opinion concerning the recent riots in this City. CAMPBELL contended that the rioters were right in their proceedings; while the sailors, on the contrary, expressed quite as freely their belief that the military were justified in the action they took. Seeing that a fight was imminent GALVIN requested the men to leave the saloon. To this CAMPBELL decidedly objected, and was only induced to leave by threats that if he did not go out of his own accord force would be used to compel him to do so. On reaching the sidewalk he characterized the whole as a pack of cowards, and dared the three men to step out. GALVIN then went out and again requested CAMPBELL to leave, but he would not, and instead of doing so made another attempt to re-enter the saloon. GALVIN opposed him and a struggle took place in which GALVIN drew a large sheath knife and stabbed CAMPBELL three times in the back. The wounded man fell dead almost instantly upon the sidewalk. GALVIN then threw the knife into the gutter and fled in the direction of Atlantic-street. A cry of alarm was raised by the sailors, and in a few seconds a large crowd of citizens were in pursuit of the fugitive. On arriving at Atlantic-street he was captured by Officer RAFFERTY, of the First Precinct. He claimed that the quarrel had been forced upon him, and that he had stabbed CAMPBELL in self-defense.

Shortly after the occurrence Detective CORWIN visited the saloon for the purpose of collecting facts about the affray. Officer REDDEY, who was also present in the saloon a few minutes after the stabbing occurred, and who spoke to CAMPBELL before he expired, says that deceased said that he was just going into the door of the adjoining saloon when "GALVIN, the d—d Orangeman, stabbed him in the back."

Another Attempt to Murder Halpine, the Express Messenger.

The particulars of the horrible tragedy on the Albany bridge last Winter, when JOHN I. FILKINS entered the car of the Express Company and fired three shots into the body of THOMAS A. HALPINE, the messenger, leaving him for dead, have not yet faded from the public memory—if, indeed, they will for many years to come. The event is now revived by another attempt to murder Mr. HALPINE, the particulars of which are thus given by the *Troy Times*:

Upon his recovery from the desperate wounds inflicted upon him by the desperado, HALPINE was sent by the Express Company to North Adams to serve in the capacity of its agent. J. J. GEOGHEGAN is a resident of the village, and the agent of an ale house in Troy for the sale of its beer. On Friday evening he went to the express office in Adams to get several barrels of ale which had been forwarded to his address. As he had previously procured some without paying the charges upon them, HALPINE reminded him of the fact, and a dispute arose between them. GEOGHEGAN was accompanied by two men, and HALPINE was alone in the office, the other clerks having gone home. He finally locked the door of the office, GEOGHEGAN and his party being outside, but reopened it to explain matters to them. One of the men made the remark: "You wasn't a bad fix at one time, and it is a pity that you ever got out of that," (referring, of course, to the express robber at Albany;) whereupon GEOGHEGAN drew a revolver and approached HALPINE, saying: "I have something here that will fix you." At this juncture the other men interfered and took GEOGHEGAN away. Mr. HALPINE took out a warrant for the arrest of GEOGHEGAN Saturday morning, and he was arraigned before Judge ROCKWELL, who put him under $5,000 bonds to answer to the charge. The Express Company have taken the matter up for HALPINE, and intend to prosecute GEOGHEGAN to the utter end. Much sympathy is expressed in Adams for Mr. HALPINE, and great indignation is felt toward GEOGHEGAN for the unprovoked assault.

A Fourth Ward Murder.

Late last evening CHARLES CASEY, a laborer, aged twenty-three years, was stabbed in the groin by JOHN O'BRIEN opposite No. 17 Roosevelt-street. O'BRIEN fled immediately afterward and eluded the Police. CASEY was removed to the Park Hospital. His wound is considered mortal by the surgeon in charge.

CASEY died about 12 o'clock midnight. The murderer was arrested by Officer FINN at No. 276 Greenwich-street, about the same hour, and is now confined in the Fourth Precinct Station-house.

THE LATE RIOT.

Funeral of the Slaughtered Soldiers Today.

The Latest Victims of the Mob—The Damage to Property by the Disturbance—Serenade to Gov. Randolph, of New-Jersey—Singular Action of a Coroner.

It is impossible as yet to compile exact statistics of the pecuniary cost of the riot to the City, but when all the bills are paid, and all the damages for which the City will be sued are paid, the total expense of maintaining the laws against the Hibernians will be found to be about $10,000.

The damages to property in Eighth-avenue, where the riot occurred, caused by the mob and the fire of the military, for which claims will probably be made against the City, and enforced by suit if necessary, are as follows:

MORRIS ISAAC, No. 218 Eighth-avenue, $20.
ADOLPH SCHIMMEL, No. 224 Eighth-avenue, $50.
JOSEPH WEITS, No. 312 Eighth-avenue, $150.
P. O'SHEA, No. 306 Eighth-avenue, $300.
J. GASWEBER, No. 305 Eighth-avenue, $25.
D. LIDDLE, No. 303 Eighth-avenue, $150.
JACOB COHEN, No. 288 Eighth-avenue, $100.
F. J. MEAGHER, No. 286 Eighth-avenue, $150.
HEUSS & QUINTON, No. 286 Eighth-avenue, $800.
JOS. ANGWIN, No. 284 Eighth-avenue, $50.
W. J. MCDONALD, No. 282 Eighth-avenue, $60.
G. N. ANDREWS, No. 276 Eighth-avenue, $500.
DANIEL CREGAN, No. 278 Eighth-avenue, $300.

To these are to be added several other claimants for small amounts in Eighth-avenue and the side streets nearest the riot, which will make the claims against the City for property injured or destroyed $2,500. The extra expense incurred by the Police Department will not be short of $5,000.

There will undoubtedly be many suits for damages brought by the wounded, and it is possible that large amounts will be recovered, but without these speculative items the actual loss to the City as now ascertained is not below $7,500, and may exceed that sum.

The gross carelessness with which affairs at the Morgue were managed after the riot, is shown by the fact that the body labeled WM. CULLOUGH, was, before being so labeled, identified as that of WM. HARTWIG, a German, forty years of age, who was a cigar-maker, and lived in Hudson City, where he leaves a wife and one son fourteen years of age. HARTWIG was a deaf mute, as is his widow, but their son can both speak and hear. The unfortunate man was shot through the left breast by a Minie ball, and was one of the few innocent persons slain by the fire of the soldiery. Nothing has been learned of the circumstances which led Mr. HARTWIG into the midst of the rioters.

THOMAS MCCLEARY, proprietor of the "White House," on Kent-avenue, near Clymer-street, Williamsburg, who was shot in the riot of the 12th inst., was reported to be in a dying condition last night. A bullet that penetrated his abdomen cannot be reached.

Mr. WILLIAM J. LATTIMER, the merchant who was shot through the jaw, and of whose recovery strong hopes were entertained, died yesterday morning at Bellevue Hospital. A permit for the removal of the body having been given by Coroner HERRMAN, it was taken to No. 168 Waverley-place, the late residence of the deceased, where the funeral will occur.

JOSEPH PURSLEY, No. 403 West Nineteenth-street, who was held in $500 for riotous conduct on Wednesday by Justice HOGAN, yesterday gave the required bond to keep the peace and was discharged. ANTHONY HAMILL, No. 92 Tenth-avenue, became his surety.

Of the two unrecognized bodies remaining at the Morgue, one had on Friday become so decomposed that the authorities were forced to bury it. Only one body remains at the Morgue, and it is in such condition that it must be removed within a day or two.

Companies B, C, E and F, of the Third Regiment, National Guard, belonging to Westchester County, have been ordered out today to perform military honors over the remains of Sergt. WYATT and private H. C. PAGE, who are to be interred at Woodlawn Cemetery.

One of the results of the late riot was the formation of the Independent German Club of the Nineteenth Ward, Brooklyn, E. D. This Club is composed of Germans, irrespective of party, who are in favor of civil and religious liberty in the country of their adoption. They balloted for and enrolled twenty-two new members last night, each member pledging himself that he would vote only for citizens of American birth to hold office. M. FRANK and Capt. PETER G. PECK are taking an active part in the matter, and last evening a similar club was formed at Greenpoint, L. I.

Honors to the Dead—National Guardsmen—The Funeral Arrangements.

On the occasion of the funeral of Sergt. SAMUEL WYATT and Private HENRY C. PAGE, of the Ninth Regiment, today, the regiment will assemble at the armory in Twenty-sixth-street, near Seventh-avenue, and move at 1 o'clock P. M., through Twenty-sixth-street to Fifth-avenue, thence to Twenty-third-street, through Twenty-third-street to Fourth-avenue, and thence to Calvary Church, corner of Twenty-first-street and Fourth-avenue, where the funeral ceremonies will take place. After the religious exercises, which will be conducted by Chaplain O. E. FLAGG, the funeral cortège, consisting of the Ninth Regiment, four companies of the Seventh and Seventy-first, and the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Regiments, of Brooklyn, and the Twelfth Regiment, of this City, escorted by 500 Police under the command of Inspector DILKS, will move up Fourth-avenue to Twenty-first-street, thence to Madison-avenue, and up Madison-avenue to the Harlem Depot, where a train will be in waiting to convey the remains and escort to Woodlawn Cemetery.

The veteran members of the Ninth Regiment are invited to meet with the Veteran Association, at the armory of the command, today, at 1 o'clock, for the purpose of participating in the funeral. The notice to the members will be found under the head of "Deaths."

The following circular was issued by Col. WARD, of the Twelfth Regiment, yesterday:

HEAD-QUARTERS TWELFTH INFANTRY, FIRST BRIGADE FIRST DIVISION N. G. S. N. Y., INDEPENDENCE GUARD, NEW-YORK, July 15, 1871.

CIRCULAR.—The officers and members of this command are requested to assemble in full-dress uniform, plume and white gloves, on Sunday, 16th inst., to take part in the funeral ceremonies of the late Sergt. WYATT and Private PAGE, Ninth Regiment N. G. S. N. Y.

Assemble at armory at 12½ o'clock P. M. Commissioned officers will wear the usual badge of mourning on the left arm and sword-belt. By command of Col. JOHN WARD.

WM. H. MURPHY, Adjutant.

Vindication of the Eighty-Fourth Regiment.

The Board of Police has assured the officers of the Eighty-fourth Regiment that the conduct of that regiment during the riot was entirely justifiable and proper under the circumstances. The following letter in regard to the action of the regiment was received by Lieut.-Col. MITCHELL, yesterday:

HEAD-QUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION N. G. S. N. Y., NEW-YORK, July 13, 1871.

Lieut.-Col. C. B. Mitchell, commanding Eighty-Fourth Regiment N. G. S. N. Y.

COLONEL: I am in receipt of your communication of this date, signed by yourself and Major ATKINSON, in relation to the service of your regiment on the 13th inst., and in reply would answer your questions frankly as you have asked them. First—You ask "Did you have any especial reason for ordering the Eighty-fourth Regiment to the rear?" My answer is, I found on reaching your position that, in consequence of the severity of the attack made on you, your line was somewhat broken, and I deemed it advisable, under the circumstances, to relieve you, a movement eminently proper, and one that reflected no disgrace whatever on your command, nor was it intended as such by myself.

Second—You ask, "It has been reported that you did not wish us to occupy the position we first held, and that you had no intention of placing us there. Is this so?" I answer, I placed you in the position you occupied, having the same confidence in you that I had in the other regiments under my command, considering every position in the line a post of honor. In answer to your third question I say most emphatically that the attack made on you, as has been represented, required prompt and immediate repulsion, and, had I been present in person, would have given orders to fire without hesitation.

I have the honor to be, Colonel, yours very respectfully,

J. M. VARIAN, Brigadier-General.

A meeting of the officers of the Eighty-fourth Regiment was held, last evening, for the purpose of inquiring into the conduct of Lieut. MACKLIN, of Company C. It was resolved to expel him from the Board of Officers, and to take steps to have him Courts-martialed for cowardice and conduct unbecoming an officer. It was also determined to take measures to reduce Sergt. ASHLEY to the ranks for a soldier-like conduct. Resolutions were adopted complimenting the Police force for its gallant and creditable conduct on the day of the disturbance.

Inquests on the Rioters—What Does This Mean?

Coroner YOUNG called at the Mayor's office, yesterday afternoon, and it is said that he was in relation to the requests to be held on rioters. The Coroner says that he will not hold an inquest on such cases, but will hold a general inquest and take testimony in relation to the causes of death. It is believed that the rulers are desirous of concocting some plan by which they can shirk the responsibility of the late riot, and throw the odium on the troops.

Serenade to Gov. Randolph, of New-Jersey.

The neighbors of Gov. RANDOLPH, without distinction of party, serenaded him at Morristown, N. J., last evening, when the Governor responded as follows:

"I have every reason to be grateful when my public acts seem to have the hearty approval of my neighbors and friends, native and foreign as to birth, Republicans and Democrats as to politics, Protestant and Catholic as to religion. The truth is, and recent events have clearly demonstrated it, that whatever differences we may have as to our political opinions, or our faith, or whatever accident of birth may have made us native or foreign, we are all, if we are as we should be, intensely American; proud of the title, and jealous of any act by any people that may serve to tarnish the honor or strike at the prosperity of our common country. Jersey-men, with great historic associations and memories, we would be recreant to all our fathers commended for, did not we attempt, at any cost, to transmit our rights and privileges untainted and unimpaired. While, during the recent troubles, complete military preparation was made to promptly and efficiently exercise the civil power in case of need, and while the military power would have certainly been exercised to have protected, at any cost, the rights of the humblest citizens, let me say to you that I know me best, that my greatest satisfaction in the light is to found in the fact that no serious use of the military force was found necessary, so great was found to be the noble forbearance, patience and Christian toleration of our people of all religious and political creeds. The military force was on that occasion, as I trust it ever may be, in full subordination of civil power, assisting, not controlling it, sustaining liberty by upholding law."

Mr. PITNEY and others also made speeches commending the Governor's course.

LOCAL NEWS IN BRIEF.

NEW-YORK.

Twenty years ago East Broadway was regarded as one of the most desirable streets for residence on the east side. Handsome brick houses lined it on either side, and it was pervaded generally with an air of cleanliness and comfort. Now the contrast is a melancholy one, especially below Rutgers-street. Those who were wont to seek quiet abiding-places there, would now be disturbed by the almost incessant rumble and jingle of a double-track street railroad. Many of the basements of the once handsome buildings are occupied by small dry-goods, second-hand furniture, old clothes, boots and shoes, &c., the first floors by tailors and other tradesmen; lager-beer and liquor-saloons abound, and the entire neighborhood begins to assume a tumble-down appearance.

The work of constructing the new piers has commenced and is being vigorously pushed forward. At the Battery two steam dredges have been employed for the past fortnight removing the mud of ages and scraping down the rock so as to clear the rock on which the heavy masonry will rest. The carpenters are busy driving piles for Pier No. 1, between Castle Garden and the New-Jersey Transportation Company's pier, and the Engineers' office in this vicinity will soon be completed. A number of barges daily convey loads of granite and "dump" the blocks which are to form the foundation. This pier will be eighty feet in width, and will extend out nearly parallel with the old existing line of piers.

Work on the new Roosevelt-street ferry-house is progressing rapidly. The structure is not remarkable in an architectural point of view, but it will be substantial and commodious. One of the new slips is nearly ready for use, and boats will probably run into it next week. The new bridge is already in place and the fenders are completed. Work on the second (lower) slip is also commenced, leaving but one of the old slips for present use, and making it necessary in the busiest part of the day to run some of the boats into the slip of the Hunter's Point ferry, a short distance above.

Coroner HERRMAN held an inquest yesterday in the case of CHARLES WILLIAMS, aged two years, who was run over on the 4th inst. by a Third-avenue car. A verdict was returned censuring the railroad company for causing the death of the child. The same Coroner also held an inquest in the case of CHARLES MORGAN, who was run over on the 4th inst. by a car of the Belt line. A verdict of accidental death was rendered.

The German Brewers' Association, of this City is organizing a Brewers' Insurance Company, the object of which is to do away with certain abuses to which brewers are subjected on the part of insurance companies in case of a fire. Nearly all the leading brewers of this City, Newark, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Albany and other localities have joined the movement.

Musical entertainments were held by the Central Park Band at Mount Morris-square on Monday afternoon, and also on Tuesday at Tompkins-square; on Thursday at Madison square, and on Friday at City Hall Park, should the weather be fine.

The chimney of the house at No. 349 East One Hundred and Twenty-fourth-street, was struck with lightning during the storm yesterday afternoon, as was also a tree near the corner of One Hundred and Twenty-third-street and Second-avenue.

AUGUST RING, a native of Germany, was sent to Bellevue Hospital yesterday afternoon, suffering from the effects of sun-stroke, from which he was prostrated at the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth-street.

During the past week subscriptions for fifty-one $100 shares in the proposed German Theatre were received. Thus far $78,300 have been subscribed toward the project.

The improvement of Union-square was commenced yesterday. The new walks and lamps will be similar to those in Washington-square.

BORIS DANZAS, Secretary of the Russian Legation, and BRET HARTE, of Newport, are at the Brevoort House.

E. VALLES, Secretary of the Spanish Legation, is at the Albemarle Hotel.

Admiral CROWN, of the Russian Navy, is at the Fifth-avenue Hotel.

United States Senator POWELL CLAYTON, of Arkansas, is the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Officer MAHONY yesterday shot a rabid dog at No. 226 East Twenty-second-street.

BROOKLYN.

The work of collecting the income tax for the past year and the special tax for the present year, has just been completed by the Revenue authorities in the Second District. The returns show that the amount received from these two sources was $466,054 68 as against $1,600,000 last year. The difference in the two years is accounted for by the fact that the income tax has been reduced from five to two and a half per cent, while, with the exception of liquor and tobacco, all articles were exempted from special tax.

At the County Clerk's office yesterday, articles of incorporation were filed by a company who propose to run a new ferry between Williamsburg and New-York. The following-named gentlemen are the Directors: Frederick W. Kalbfleisch, John Chas. Theodore A. Havemeyer, Henry Attenbrand, Walter T. Klotz, Just Moller, George H. Fisher, Anton Vigelius and Andrew Cunningham.

The following charitable bequests appear in the will of JAMES HUGHES: To the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Everson-street, $1,000; to the Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, $1,000, to be applied for the use of superannuated ministers; to the Foreign Mission fund, $1,000; to the Allegheny Seminary of Pennsylvania, for the education of young ministers, $1,000.

The body of an unknown man was found in the water, at the foot of Thirty-seventh-street, yesterday morning. The deceased is about five feet eight inches in height and forty years of age. A patent gold watch and a card bearing the name of SIGMUND KOHN, coal dealer, at 808 Third-avenue, were found in the clothing.

In the Surrogate's Court, during the past week, the wills of the following-named persons were proved: Bernardus Lyneleger, of New-Lots; Frederick Smith, Walter Barre, Mary M. Green, Jacob F. Mayer, James Hurlies, Susannah Church and Wm. B. Hart, of Brooklyn.

JAMES H. CASSIDY and PHILIP MCMAHON, the two alleged illicit whisky distillers captured during the riot on Friday, were bailed before Commissioner WINSLOW, yesterday, in the sum of $5,000 each. CASSIDY, for several months acted as an Assistant Superintendent of the Poor.

CHARLES KINSELLA was sentenced to ninety days' imprisonment by Justice DELMAR, yesterday, for having assaulted Rev. M. G. CLARK, of No. 320 Court-street, by running a horse and wagon over him, thereby breaking his arm and otherwise injuring him.

The police made 497 arrests during the past week.

Assistant Assessor CLINTON GILBERT, who was shot in the gro

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

Sales at the Stock Exchange—JULY 15.

FIRST BOARD.

$1,000 U. S. 5-20 C., '65..114⅝ 5,000 C. P. & Min. 1st..94⅜
5,000 U. S. 5-20 R., '64..113⅝ 1,000 St. L. & I. M. 1st..94⅜
5,000 U. S. 5-20 R., '64..113⅝ 5,000 C. & N. W. MPF..94⅜
1,000 U. S. 5-20 C., '65..113⅝ 10 Lenther Man'fg Co..130
20,000 U. S. 5-20 C., '65, 12 Bank of America..140
reg.....113⅝ 11 Hanover Bank.....300
1,000 U. S. 5-20 C., '65, 100 Dant'l St. of N. J.....100
reg.....113⅝ 100 Canton Co.....b. c. 70⅜
20,000 U. S. 5-20 C., '65, 100 Pacific Mail...b. c. 44⅞
reg.....113⅝ 500 do.....44⅝
500 U. S. 5-20 C., '67..113⅝ 300 West. Union Tel...b. 30
10,000 U. S. 5-20 C., '67..113⅝ 100 Mariposa Pref.....6
20,000 U. S. 5-20 C., '67, 100 Wells-Fargo Ex.....60⅞
reg.....113⅝ 20 Am. Mer. U. Ex.....58⅛
2,000 U. S. 5-20 C., '67..113⅝ 300 Reading R. Railroad..113⅛
250,000 U. S. 5-20 C., '67, 1500 do.....b. o. 113⅛
1,000 N. C. 6s, old bds..42 200 L. S. & M. S.....108⅞
12,000 Mo. 6s.....95 200 Clev. & Pitts.....118⅝
21,000 do.....95⅛ 100 Chic. & N. W. Pf..86⅜
23,000 Mo. 6s, 1st, C.....95⅛ 100 Chic. & N. W. Pf..86⅜
3,000 N. Y. 7s, R. L., R.108 48 N. J. Cent.....b. 0.103⅛
1,000 N. Y. Cent. 6s, '83..108⅛ 200 Chic. & R. Island..108⅜
1,000 Erie, 6s, M.....86 500 do.....s. 0.108⅜
3,000 Cent. Pac. G. 6s, of 3,000 Tol., W. & W.....93⅜
4,000 U. Pac. 1st Mtg. 6s..89⅛ 10 P., F. W. & C. Gtd.100
10,000 U. Pac. L. G.....94 100 Ohio & Miss.....44⅜
4,000 do.....94⅛ 200 Harlem R.....126⅜
20,000 do.....94⅜ 100 Mich. Central.....130⅜
4,000 Tenn. 6s, old.....71⅝ 100 L. S. & M. S.....b.c. 102⅜
4,000 do.....71⅝ 200 Cleve. & Pitts.....119
5,000 do.....71⅝ 100 Ch. & R. I.....s.c. 107⅝
13,000 Tenn. 6s, new.....71⅝ 100 do.....b.c. 107⅝
3,000 Con. Pac. G. b.....86⅛ 100 do.....bot. call. 108⅝
8,000 Erie 2d M.....94 100 Mil. & St. Paul Pf. 80⅜
300 Maryland Coal Co.....2¼ 100 Del. & Lack. & W. 124
200 Mariposa Pref.....6¼ 200 do.....126⅜
200 Pac. Mail S. S.....44⅛ the sale of
200 Am. Mer. Un. Ex.....82 200 St. Louis & I. R.....54
20 Wells-Fargo Ex.....60 in morning list should
100 Adams Ex.....100 have been
1000 N. Y. C. & H. Cts.....91 300 Ch., Bur. & Q.....154
100 Erie Railway.....22⅜

SATURDAY, July 15—P. M.

The Bank return shows a large accession to the line of Deposits, which is not accounted for by increase in the other departments. The Deposits are $6,324,000, higher than last Monday, while the gain in the way of proceeds of new Loans is $2,963,000; in Gold Notes $312,000, and in Greenbacks $606,000—together, $3,173,000. The difference of over $3,000,000 not explained may consist, in part, of the transfer of the July Dividends made by the Banks themselves, to the individual accounts of their Stockholders, as Deposits.

The Treasury received for Customs, for the week, $3,642,708 in Gold; paid out $3,961,988 Gold Interest, and sold $1,000,000 Gold on Thursday. The Exports of Specie for the week include $1,893,500 in American Gold and $641,900 in Silver Coin and Bullion.

The rates for Money close 3@5 ₱ cent. on temporary loan to the Stock Brokers, and 4@6 ₱ cent. on short time engagements. Exchange on London steady at 110½@110¾ ₱ cent. The Gold sales stiffened up in the Afternoon to 112⅜@112½ ₱ cent.

On the Stock Exchange the Public Funds were in demand through the day, and at the close an advance of ⅛ ₱ cent. on 5-20s of 1867, was established, and ⅛ ₱ cent. on the 6 ₱ cents 10-40s. The latter advanced also in the London Market ⅛@¼ ₱ cent. The 6 ₱ cents of 1881, and the 5-20s (6 ₱ cents) were also firmer, and left off in demand. The State Stocks were barely steady. The Railway Mortgages indifferently supported, and the Railway Stocks firm in the bidding rates, with more business than on Friday in New-York Central Stock and Scrip and in Reading. Of the Miscellaneous Stocks, Pacific Mail seemed the strongest.

After the late Boards the following quotations were made as compared with Friday night:

CLOSING QUOTATIONS—JULY 15.

	Friday.	Saturday.
United States 10-40s	112¼	113
United States 5-20s of 1862	114⅛	114⅜
United States 5-20s of 1867	112⅜	112⅝
American Gold	112¼	112⅝
Bills on London, 60 days	110¼	110⅝
N. Y. Central and Hudson	96⅛	96⅜
N. Y. C. and H. Debt Ctfs.	91¼	91⅜
Reading Railroad	111¼	112
Chicago and Rock Island	106¼	106⅜
North-west Common	72⅛	71⅞
North-west Preferred	90⅜	90⅝
Pacific Mail	44⅛	44⅜
St. Paul Preferred	80¼	80⅜
St. Paul Common	59⅜	59⅝
Lake Shore	106⅜	106⅛
Ohio and Mississippi	44¼	44
Toledo and Wabash	59⅛	59½
Western Telegraph	58⅜	58½
Erie	22⅛	22½
Union Pacific	29⅛	29¼
Central Pacific Bonds	99⅛	98⅜
Union Pacific Bonds	88⅛	88½
Consolidation Coal	40⅞	41

The following bids were made for the various Public Funds of the United States:

6 ₱ cent. reg., 1881	115	5-20 coup., 1867	112⅞
6 ₱ cent. coup., 1881	115⅛	5-20 coup., 1868	112⅞
5-20 coup., 1862	114⅛	10-40 reg	112⅜
5-20 coup., 1864	113⅞	10-40 coup	113
5-20 coup., 1865	113⅞	6s currency	114½
5-20 coup., n. i., 1865	113⅝		

And the following for the State Bonds:

Tenn. 6s, old	71½	Ohio 6s, '81	102½
Tenn. 6s, new	71½	Ohio 6s, '86	102¾
Virginia 6s, old	68½	Indiana 6s, War Loan	100
Virginia 6s, new bds.	72	Indiana 5s	100
Georgia 6s	93	Michigan 6s, '75	99
Georgia 6s, new bds.	93	Michigan 6s, '86	99
N. Car. 6s, old	42	Michigan 5s	93
N. Car. 6s, new bds.	37	N. Y. Reg. 6's	107⅞
S. Car. 6s, Jan. & July 68	68	N. Y. Coup. 6's	108
Missouri 6s	93⅛	N. Y. 6s, Canal L.	78, 102⅛
La. 6s, lev. bds.	73	N. Y. 6s, Canal L.	78, 102⅛
La. 6s, lev. bds. of '75.	67⅛	N. Y. 6s, Canal L.	74, 102⅜
La. 7s, Penitentiary	73⅛	N. Y. 6s, Canal L.	76, 102⅜
La. 6s, Levee	67⅛	N. Y. 6s, Canal L.	77, 102⅜
Rhode Island 6s	105	N. Y. 6s, Canal L.	77, 102⅜
Alabama 5s	85	N. Y. 6s, Canal L.	74, 101
Ark. 6s, Funded	83	N. Y. 6s, Canal L.	76, 101
Ohio 6s, '70	101	N. Y. 6s, Canal L.	78, 101

And the following for the Railway Mortgages:

N. Y. Cen. 6s, '87	93⅛	Tol. & W. 2d	81⅛
N. Y. Cen. 6s, '97	93	Tol., W. & W. 1st	90⅛
N. Y. Cen. 6s, R. Est.	93	Han. & Naples 1st	62
N. Y. Cen. 6s, Sub'n.	93	Ill. Cent. 7s	96
Erie 1st Ext	101⅛	Ill. & So. Iowa 1st	87
Erie 2d, 7s, '59	93	Ill. & So. Iowa 2d	77
Erie 2d, 7s, '60	93	Gal. & Chi. Ext	103
Erie 2d, 7s, '62	93⅛	Gal. & Chi. 1st	93
Erie 2d, 7s, '69	94	Gal. & Chi. 2d	83
Erie 3d, 7s	94	Mar. & Huron 1st	100
N. Y. & O. & W. 1st	110	Mar. & Huron 2d	100
Mich. So. 7's 2d, '80	97⅛	Clev. & Tol. S. F.	100⅛
M. S. & N. I. S. F. 7s	103⅛	N. J. Cent. new bds	103⅜
Fed. 7s, guar. by Mo.	90	N. J. Cent. 1st	103⅜
Pac. Pac. bonds	89⅜	Morris & Essex 1st	103
Union Pac. 1st Mtg.	89⅛	Morris & Essex 7s	103
Union Pac. L. G. 7s	94	Ohio & Miss. Cons.	93
Union Pac. Inc. 7s	83⅛	Dub. & S. City 1st	90
Ill. Cen. 7 ₱ cts.	106	St. L. & Iron M. 1st	94⅛
Alton & T. H. 1st	93	Mil. & St. P. 1st	103⅛
Alt. & T. H. 2d Pf'd	69	Mil. & St. P. Ins.	89
Alt. & T. H. 2d Inc.	77	Mil. & St. P. 2d	89
Chi. & N. W. S. F.	109⅛	Mar. & Chi. 1st	95
Chi. & N. W. Sink.	93⅛	Mil. & Mis. 1st	93
Chi. & N. W. Con. 7s	93⅛	Chi. & Alton 1st	102
Chi. & N. W. Ext 7s	93	Chi. & Alton Inc.	95
Chi. & N. W. 1st	93⅛	Ohio & Miss. 1st	93
Chi. & N. W. Sink.	93⅛	Ohio & Miss. Cons.	93
Del., L. & W. 1st	103⅜	Col., Chi. & Ind. 1st	87⅜
Del., L. & W. 2d	97	Col., Chi. & Ind. 2d	87⅜
Del., L. & W. 1st Ext.	103	Tol., Peo. & W., R. D.	86⅜
Del., L. & W. 1st Sink.	103	Tol., Peo. & W., W. D.	86⅜
Del., L. & W. 2d	97	N. Y. & N. H. 7s	75
Del., L. & W. 3d	87	N. Y. & N. H. 6s	100
Del. & W. 1st Ext.	96	R. H. & Erie Guar.	73
Del. & W. 1st Sink.	96⅛	Ced. Falls & Minn. 1st	84⅛

And the following for the City Bank Stocks:

New-York	125	Irving	125
Manhattan	155	Metropolitan	125
Merchants'	112	Gaer Silver	112⅛
Mechanics'	125	Market	112
Union	125	Nassau	107⅜
America	140	St. Nicholas	120
City	125	Manufacturers	100
Phenix	107	Commonwealth	98
Gallatin National	121	Imp. and Traders'	175
Merchants' Exchange	90	Park	155
Leather Man'facturers'	180	Mech. and Merch'ts'	100
State of New-York	110	Central National	100
Commerce	118	Second National	120
Broadway	92	Fourth National	115
Mercantile	100	Ninth National	115⅛
Bank of the Republic	116	Twenth National	124
St. of North America	104	Gold Exchange	80
Hanover	104		

UNITED STATES TREASURY, NEW-YORK, July 15.

Gold receipts	$2,286,505 50
Gold payments	1,131,900 66
Gold balance	57,425,736 70
Currency receipts	946,929 75
Currency payments	283,401 06
Currency balance	5,101,699 48
Customs	430,000 00
Cancelled gold certificates sent to Washington, D. C.	800,000 00

The exports of specie from this port during the week have been as follows:

July 11—steamer Cimbria, London—
American gold.....$204,000 00
Foreign gold.....5,400 00
Foreign silver.....12,500 00
Gold bars.....71,200 00
Silver bars.....30,700 00

July 12—Schooner Hannah Coomer, Jamel—
American silver.....4,000 00

July 13—Steamer Europa, Liverpool—
Fractional silver.....10,000 00
Silver bars.....194,414 72
American gold.....310,000 00

July 13—Steamer Wyoming, Liverpool—
American gold.....15,000 00

July 13—Steamer Nemesis, Liverpool—
American gold.....80,000 00

July 15—Steamer Ocean Queen, Aspinwall—
American silver.....5,600 00

July 11—Steamer R....., Southampton—
Foreign silver.....228,712 15
American gold.....210,000 00
Gold bars.....18,700 00
Silver bars.....102,280 12

July 15—Steamer City of London, Liverpool—
Gold bars.....26,000 00
American gold.....12,000 00

July 15—Steamer Algeria, Liverpool—
Silver bars.....220,104 70

Total for the week.....$1,960,874 88

The week's imports of Dry Goods have been to the specie value of $1,290,185, and of general merchandise $4,797,110.

The Cotton Trade.

From the Financial Chronicle.

By special telegrams received by us to-night from the Southern ports, we are in possession of the returns showing the receipts, exports, &c., of cotton for the week ending this evening, July 14. From the figures thus obtained it appears that the total receipts for the seven days have reached 16,236 bales, against 18,468 bales last week, 18,197 bales the previous week, and 22,948 bales three weeks since, making the total receipts since the 1st of September, 1870, 2,945,882 bales, against 2,954,031 bales for the same period of 1869-70, showing an increase since Sept. 1, this year, of 1,001,781 bales. The details of the receipts for this week (as per telegraph) and the corresponding week of 1870 are as follows:

RECEIPTS.

Received this week at	1871. Bales.	1870. Bales.
New-Orleans	4,900	2,115
Mobile	720	436
Charleston	1,509	1,259
Savannah	2,154	220
Texas	2,923	1,042
Tennessee, &c.	1,577	1,423
Florida	.....	33
North Carolina	.....	104
Virginia	1,000	601
Total receipts	15,283	9,674
Increase this year	5,913	.....

The exports for the week ending this evening reach a total of 7,083 bales, of which 7,083 were to Great Britain, none to France, and none to rest of the Continent, while the stocks, as made up this evening, are now 176,199 bales. Below we have the exports and stocks for the week and also for the corresponding week of last season, as telegraphed to us from the various ports to-night.

Week ending July 14.	Exported to G. Brit.	Total this week.	Same week 1870.	Stock. 1871.
New-Orleans	57	57	8,617	62,452
Mobile	.....	.....	2,155	4,599
Charleston	.....	.....	.....	4,881
Savannah	.....	.....	.....	5,407
Texas	6,497	6,497	1,791	30,893
Tennessee, &c.	529	529	6,855	22,349
Other ports	.....	.....	421	21,066
Total	7,083	7,083	19,639	176,199
Total since Sept. 1	2,802,825	2,976,043	3,147,187	.....

From the foregoing statement it will be seen that, compared with the corresponding week of last season, there is a decrease in the exports this week of 12,540 bales, while the stocks to-night are 86,483 bales more than they were at this time a year ago. The following is our usual table showing the movement of cotton at all the ports from Sept. 1 to July 7, the latest mail dates. We do not include our telegrams to-night, as we cannot insure the accuracy or obtain the detail necessary by telegraph:

Ports.	Receipts since Sept. 1, 1870.	Receipts since Sept. 1, 1869.	Exported since Sept. 1 to Great Britain.	Total.	Stock.
	Bales.	Bales.	Bales.	Bales.	Bales.
N. Orleans	1,415,179	1,182,236	701,400	1,256,515	92,764
Mobile	283,141	307,460	243,427	280,041	19,599
Charleston	241,630	227,262	125,094	274,974	5,081
Savannah	721,824	471,090	350,576	462,421	5,074
Texas	203,793	232,266	165,240	199,343	29,157
New-York	244,910	310,096	290,268	541,824	57,500
Florida	13,587	21,339	.....	.....	.....
N. Carolina	90,612	56,979	70	70	961
Virginia	206,904	156,203	8,310	8,310	3,327
Other ports	70,555	62,364	24,737	41,427	3,000
Tot'l this yr.	2,950,446	.....	2,209,350	3,068,950	183,289
Total last yr.	.....	2,944,607	1,414,608	2,097,564	160,222

BANKING AND FINANCIAL.

☞ THE FIRST MORTGAGE SEVEN PER CENT. GOLD BONDS of the WEST WISCONSIN RAILWAY COMPANY offer a rare chance for safe and profitable investment. They are a first and only lien upon the Road, which is now nearly completed, the rolling stock, telegraph, land grant, and all the property of the Company. The lands are released from taxation, and are worth more than the whole amount of the mortgage. The Road will form the great air-line route from Chicago and Milwaukee to St. Paul and the North-west. Bonds for sale at 90 and interest in currency, by WHITE, MORRIS & CO., No. 16 Wall-st., and GWYNNE, JOHNSON & DAY, No. 16 Wall-st., where pamphlets and further information can be obtained.

BURNED BY BENZINE.

Explosion of a Barrel of Benzine—Eight Firemen and Two Policemen Injured—A Singular Disaster.

One of the most singular and distressing of recent casualties in this City occurred about 9 o'clock, yesterday morning, at No. 781 Sixth-avenue. The building is one having four floors, and all the upper portions occupied by families. The basement was occupied by MARY E. GOMBEY as a scouring and dyeing establishment. Benzine was used in the scouring of clothes, and this process being carried on yesterday morning within four feet of a gas-light, the fumes from the inflammable stuff soon reached the gas jet and the place was enveloped in flames. The alarm was quickly given, and the firemen soon had a stream of water pouring into the basement, and the fire was extinguished before it had extended beyond the basement, except to do a damage of about $200 to the first floor, also occupied by Mrs. GOMBEY. The total loss to property was about $600 to stock, which is not covered by insurance, and of $1,000 to the building.

After the fire had been completely subdued, a number of firemen and some policemen were in the basement, searching through the *débris*, as is always done, for any smouldering sparks which might remain. In this duty several officers had penetrated to an extension of the basement under the sidewalk, where was a barrel which had contained benzine. At this moment the barrel suddenly exploded and the fragments were thrown in every direction with tremendous force, and, in the contracted space where so many persons were crowded, with deadly effect. Assistant Engineers RHODES and SULLIVAN were terribly burned by the accompanying vapor. Patrolman MICHAEL DALY, of the Twenty-second Precinct, was severely burned about the head and face, and Patrolman MICHAEL JAMES QUIGLEY, of the Nineteenth Precinct, was burned severely about the head and neck. Both of these were taken home. The most serious injuries were those received by JOHN A. RIPPLE, JOSEPH CREADEN, and OLIVER HAWKINS, of Engine Company No. 26; JAMES CLAIR and JAMES S. FISHER, of Hook and Ladder No. 2, and JAMES J. HURLEY, of Hook and Ladder No. 4. All of these were attended by Police Surgeon WATERMAN, and afterward removed to St. Luke's Hospital.

Fine Arts.

An interesting relic of the lamented artist ZAMACOIS is in the hands of Mr. WM. SCHAUS, of this City. It is a portrait of the artist painted by himself, and represents him in his studio. The picture is of cabinet size. We understand that it is to be photographed and the copies sold for the benefit of the widow of the deceased artist, who, we are sorry to hear, was left in destitute circumstances.

Among the new pictures at the Schaus Gallery we notice two by STAMMEL, "Shylock" and "An Antiquarian." The Jew is remarkably well done—strong and truthful in expression and good in color. There is also a large and fine specimen of VERBOECKHOVEN'S, a flower-piece by ROSIN, and several others of no ordinary merit.

The Turners' Procession.

The members of the Turner Verein met at the Walhall yesterday and made arrangements for the laying of the corner-stone of the new Turn Hall, in Fourth-street, which is to take place to-morrow. The Turners will parade in uniform, meet at Turn Hall at 2 o'clock, where they will be joined by the Turner organizations from the vicinity, the veterans of the Turner Regiment, the veteran Vocal Society and other organizations. The procession will then march to the grounds, where the ceremony is to be performed. The Turner cedete and the pupils of the Turner Gymnasium and of the Free School of the Turnverein will rendezvous at the armory building, on the corner of Christie and Delancey streets.

Statistics of the Week.

Fifteen hundred and one persons were arrested by the Police last week.

Fire-Marshal MCSPEDON reports thirty fires during the week ending at noon yesterday, with an estimated loss of $7,075, and an insurance of $151,500. Nine of these disasters were caused by the use of liquid gas or kerosene; twelve by carelessness, and the others were accidents.

Dr. RUSSELL, Register of Records, reports that during the week ending yesterday, there were 47 still-births, 147 marriages, 455 births, and 287 deaths, the latter being an increase of 107 over the mortality of the previous week.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A father, residing in Wheeling, Va., seems to have a proper idea of the treatment of silly children. He had a daughter of very tender years who eloped with an ardent youth of some sixteen Summers. Finding they had gone to Cincinnati, he followed them up and overtook them as a hotel in that city. Being directed to the room which they had engaged, he broke into it without ceremony, and taking his child across his knee, administered chastisement after the good old-fashioned style, and then turning to the trembling youth, demanded the expenses of his journey from Wheeling to Cincinnati and back. Glad to escape so easily, the young man handed over the cash, and the irate father, taking his child under his arm, returned without delay to his home. His stern parental discipline will doubtless have a good effect on the sentimental maiden.

We rejoice to learn from an English paper that a man has been punished in London for stealing an umbrella. A mischievous sentiment has somehow got abroad that articles of this particular kind are legitimate plunder wherever found, and may be walked off with not only without danger of punishment, but even without moral responsibility. In fact the popular conscience is getting altogether corrupted in this matter of the ownership of umbrellas, and there is danger that the infection may spread until it will be regarded as a pleasant joke for one man to walk off with another man's cane or hat or overcoat. Without doubt the need of an umbrella arises from causes beyond mortal control or human foresight, but that does not justify any one who gets caught in the rain in appropriating the first umbrella that he can lay his hands on. Now, in the interest of the public morals, and the rights of umbrella owners, we hope the example of the London Magistrate may find imitators.

The people in the vicinity of Worcester, England, seem to be astonished that a portion of the filth and pollution which they are continually sending into the air should return upon their own heads. They tell with a great show of surprise of a black rain that recently descended in that neighborhood. For a good quarter of an hour the inky liquid poured down, filling tubs, and turning domestic animals that were naturally white to a sooty hue. The learned of that quarter are puzzling their heads over this phenomenon, but the explanation is simple. The corruption, moral and physical, with which the atmosphere had become impregnated, had suddenly become condensed, and so came down without more ado. The wonder is that they have black showers so rarely.

It is well known that they have an exalted idea of education as well as uprightness as a qualification for office in New-England, and Vermont claims as high a standard in this respect as any State. An instance of the practice where this doctrine is so loudly preached has been lately reported from Woodstock. A highway surveyor was chosen in that enlightened and progressive village at the last election who could neither read nor write. When he has occasion to collect taxes for his department of pubic improvements, he goes about with the assessor's book, and handing it to the persons visited desires them to hunt up their names and pay over the sums charged against them. If they wish for a receipt, they write it themselves, and he makes "his mark," and goes on his way of official duty. It is all very simple and easy, but would not work well in a community less superlatively honest than a Vermont village.

The flesh of beasts, whether domesticated or in a state of nature, is heir to comparatively few ills, and most of those it has are caused by the cruelty of man. Their own habits are, in most cases, very temperate and regular, and if let alone they would have little occasion for asylums or hospitals; but whatever man meddles with somehow becomes distorted or diseased. Hence it is plainly the duty of mankind to provide comfortably for those domestic animals which cannot take care of themselves, and it is gratifying to learn that a hospital is to be built in London for their especial benefit, where lame horses, sick cattle, blind cats, deaf dogs, and all the halt, the maimed and the helpless of the dumb creation are to be cared for. The institution has been endowed by the last will and testament of one Mr. BROWN. Of course the envious human beings who had a greedy eye on old BROWN'S property tried to "break the will," but it was too strong for them, and so the hospital is to be built. Many a poor creature which would otherwise have to endure suffering, and perhaps be ruthlessly murdered, will, in this asylum, it is to be hoped, have their declining years made easy and comfortable.

The Ohio people have been cruelly humbugged by a female impostor. This lady set up for a phenomenon, professing to have a living serpent in her stomach, which appropriated to itself a large share of her food, and set her into daily convulsions by coming up to her throat for air, but refusing to be enticed altogether from his snug abode. The lady in question had caused no slight sensation in the State, puzzling the doctors and entertaining the citizens to a vast extent; but now it comes out—not the serpent, but the fact—that she has been getting notoriety on false pretenses. Having been taken to the Wayne Infirmary, a shrewd doctor there conceived a suspicion of the genuineness of her claims to be a first-class curiosity, and in one of her pretended convulsions he seized her by the throat and extracted from her mouth a long piece of India rubber, which had been enacting the serpent so successfully for some months. Of course the people are very indignant because the woman's vitals do not really afford a resting place for a venomous reptile, but if all phenomena of a similar class were investigated in the same spirit, no doubt we should have much less to wonder at, and the Western papers would be at a loss for sensations.

No doubt amusement is a very important thing in this life of ours, which is so likely to become a humdrum affair, and it is very agreeable to watch the effervescence of animal spirits which so often shows itself in pleasant tricks and games at the expense of those who cannot defend themselves. Two men in England recently set out to divert themselves, and having donned female attire as an appropriate costume in which to make mischief, set upon a poor railroad switchman, bound him hand and foot, singed off his whiskers, and then hung him up by the heels. Not finding sufficient amusement in this, they set the switches and signals so that the trains coming from different directions were likely to come into collision. These men are described as "of respectable connections," and they were merely enjoying themselves; but every enjoyment in this life has its price, and the respectably connected pleasure-seekers were caught, and are likely to pay for the pleasure by a corresponding amount of discomfort in some of the prisons of their fostering country.

If any place has no better claim to distinction, it has only to scare up a very antiquated stove, or a brass bell that was made before the time of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, and thereon found its hope for fame. The oldest specimen of any sort of truck has within itself the means of bestowing greatness on any town, or State even, if the latter is small and humble like Rhode Island. The citizens of that commonwealth have just discovered that they have been allowing a bell to rest in obscurity on the top of a factory in Smithfield, which bears date 1262. It is said to have been brought from Cuba many years ago, but how it got to Cuba we are not informed. It could hardly have been made there so long before the discovery of that island by white men; but whether it was or not, Rhode Island is determined that it shall sound forth her claim to the most ancient specimen of brass on the American continent. Heaven send those figures do not prove to be the number of the bell, put upon it by some manufacturer instead of the date, for the disappointment to the aspiring little commonwealth would be sad.

The question whether a dentist acquires entire control of a man's head the moment he seats himself in the chair of torture, and is privileged to bore his jaw through, or shatter it to pieces, or wrench the head off if he takes a notion, is an important question to people with troublesome teeth. Most persons seem to regard these things as a matter of course, and, indeed, a part of the service for which the dentist exacts a fee, but one man in London has protested against this doctrine, and appealed to a jury in order to get the concentrated wisdom of twelve heads on this great question. The jury, with that infallible judgment for which twelve combined heads are famous, decided that a dentist who breaks a man's jaw while extracting a tooth is liable for damages, unless the man prefers to have his jaw broken as a part of the pain he has paid for. They left to the defendant, however, the privilege of moving the Court above for a decision as to whether he was guilty of negligence in breaking the man's jaw. One would suppose that he was guilty of too much attention and vigor rather than of negligence, but no doubt the lawyers and jurymen know best, and will settle it properly. Meantime those who are liable to have their jaws broken will await the decision with some interest.

DANIEL PRATT, the great American traveler, is laying his wires very sagaciously for the occupation of the White House when the present lease has expired. He seems perfectly cognizant of the fact that the White House without a mistress would be a bad affair to manage, and accordingly he is in search of a lady who shall assist him in keeping up the dignity of the establishment. He calls for "a lady of commendable qualifications to harmonize with me, and so help me toward harmonizing the 30,000,000 or 40,000,000 of people, and also to grace the White House, March 4, 1873. If this article," he says, "meet the approbation of a lady who is in favor of matrimonial union," she is requested to address the Great American Traveler, Boston, Mass. Now here is a grand opportunity for a compromise on the woman question. Whatever the champions of the female right to preside over the destinies of the nation may accomplish hereafter, they can have little hope of putting their candidate into the Executive chair at the next election, but by joining their fortunes with that of the great DANIEL, they may secure the place of President's wife for one of their number, and that is certainly worth striving for. Now the lady who has already put forward her own name for a four-years' tenancy of the White House, may rain her point indirectly, perhaps, by a making a matrimonial union "with DANIEL." Certainly, nobody could claim that they were not well-matched, and as to her having one or more husbands already, that is no obstacle to one with her views. DANIEL and Victory, say we!

MILITARY GOSSIP.

The occurrence of the dreadful riot on Wednesday last naturally absorbed the attention of the National Guard during the week, to the exclusion of all other matters. The members of the militia suddenly found themselves forced to abandon projected festivities and enter upon one of the most serious duties of the service—the suppressing of an armed and turbulent mob, who had congregated to defy the authorities and create civic regulations for themselves contrary to all law and precedent. That the militia performed the duty assigned them in a brave and determined manner is needless to affirm, for it is well known that no city in the world possesses a finer body of citizen-soldiery than exists in New-York. No compliment is needed for the regiments doing duty on Wednesday, except that they deserve credit for soldierly bearing and decisive action. It is and to think that these duties were not executed without serious loss to the militia is killed and wounded, though the fact shows the absolute danger faced by the regiments trusted with the preservation of the peace. Riots are terrible epochs in the history of a city, therefore it is a cause for congratulation that the militia proved so prompt on Wednesday, as the disturbance was thereby the more effectually quelled.

The action of the Sixth, Ninth and Eighty-fourth Regiments in firing upon the rioters, before orders were given to do so by their officers, has been sharply criticised as decidedly unmilitary. Viewed exclusively from a military standpoint, there can be no doubt that the men of these regiments were not under proper discipline, a fact abundantly proved by the admirable conduct of the Twenty-second Regiment, which refrained from firing a shot during the day. Persons who do not know the precise facts also condemn the Seventh Regiment for using their pieces. But the truth is that the men of Capt. MOORE'S company, and those of the right wing were the only members of the National Guard who were authorized to fire at discretion. They were placed in position to watch the upper windows and roofs of certain houses, where men were suspiciously posted, and, as it turned out, the precaution was a good one, for these very men first opened the hostilities and drew upon themselves a scattering volley from that portion of the Seventh placed opposite. Nothing is so painful in the whole matter as the reckless misstatements of the field officers of the Ninth Regiment. These officers—both Lieut.-Col. Bratiss and Major Hitchcock—have privately asserted that their men members were killed by bullets from the rifles of the Seventh. That they can make such assertions is not wonderful, in view of the fact that they deliberately denied being in the employ of the Erie Company, notwithstanding they had transacted business for that Company and signed papers in discharge of the duties of their positions. Men who could deliberately publish a denial of an assertion known by their entire regiment to be true, cannot have much claim for credence in so grave a matter as this killing of their comrades. The real trouble is that the Ninth Regiment is not under proper discipline, so the effort is being made to throw discredit upon an organization that is above reproach. Major Hitchcock told a newspaper reporter that the Seventh fired at the street crowds over the heads of the Ninth, a feat which would be remarkable if possible. He also says that he saw the whole affair, as he was in front of his regiment, where he should not have been, under the circumstances. This assertion as to his position is, however, discredited by another made by himself that the dead body of Sergt. Wyatt fell across his feet. Now where could the Major have been? The men of the Ninth and other regiments were quite justified in using their muskets when they did, and the officers were to blame in not more promptly apprehending the situation. We do not seek to blame any one, but insist that those regiments which simply obeyed orders, and no more, shall not be made answerable for the casualties in the Ninth Regiment nor be censured for conduct willfully misrepresented.

The duties performed by the Seventy-first Regiment on Wednesday should not be overlooked, for the command had a good deal of hard work. On Tuesday evening the men assembled at the armory, where they remained all night, ready for any emergency, Capt. Webber and Company G performing the necessary guard duty. On the morning of the 12th, the regiment was sent to Elm Park, at Ninety-second-street, when several ex-officers and veterans of '61 were received as privates. The line of march was up Seventh-avenue, from Thirty-fifth-street to and through Central Park to Ninety-sixth-street, and down Eighth-avenue to Elm Park. The command encountered large numbers of laborers who had knocked off work from the Boulevards, numbering in the aggregate fully 2,000. These mobs reviled the regiment, but failed to elicit any response. The right wing subsequently proceeded to One Hundred and Tenth-street, where a large body of rioters were congregated. A detachment of the Washington Grey Cavalry accompanied the expedition. At One Hundred and Sixth-street a large gang of rioters was encountered, who were charged upon and dispersed without the firing of a shot. The wing then returned to Camp Ecokefeller, at Elm Park and remained all night, the cavalry acting as vedettes. Camp was broken next morning, and the regiment being relieved by the Twenty-second, returned to the armory and was dismissed.

The extraordinary card published by His Highness the Prince of Erie and Colonel of the Ninth, relative to his adventures on Wednesday, has created no end of amusement in the First Division. That some of the narrative is highly colored there can be no question. Major Hitchcock, who saw so much, states that Col. Fisk was wounded by a spent ball, though another officer of the Ninth informed a TIMES reporter that one of the small bones of his foot had been fractured by a stumble or fall when set upon by a small mob. Why the Admiral of Narragansett should have so readily gone into the negro minstrel business and then sailed for Long Branch, is difficult to explain, though it proves one thing, that to be a railroad Prince, a steam-boat Admiral and a militia Colonel, is to be a brave man, even if you do run away to fight (?) another day. We wonder whether Dr. Pollard, the wonderful Surgeon of the Ninth, who is without diploma or commission, proved of any use in the emergency of his Colonel being so singularly wounded. What a farce the whole thing appears.

To-morrow evening the field officers of the Second Brigade are to assemble at First Division Head-quarters, for the purpose of electing a Brigadier, in place of Louis Burger, deceased.

The Forty-seventh (Brooklyn) Regiment will parade on Wednesday next in dress uniform, fatigue cap hung from left hip button, to proceed to Poughkeepsie, upon invitation of Col. Smith, commanding Twenty-first Regiment. Roll-call of companies at 1 o'clock P. M. Head-quarters of the command will be established at the Morgan House during the stay in Poughkeepsie.

The long-talked-of excursion of the Seventy-first Regiment is to take place on the 26th inst., when the command will proceed to Providence. Arrangements for the reception of the guests are nearly completed, and will be carried out on a scale that will exceed the entertainment of any former military body which has visited that city. The Chairman of the Reception Committee has extended invitations to the following-named military organizations to participate in the parade on the occasion: The First Light Infantry, United Train of Artillery, Providence Horse Guards and Marine Artillery. The Committee is composed of the following named gentlemen: Gen. A. E. Burnside, Gov. Seth Padelford, Mayor Thomas A. Doyle, Col. Amasa Sprague, Col. Henry Lappitt, Gen. William E. Walker, Gen. Lysander Flagg, Gen. J. G. Hazard, Col. Henry Allen, Col. E. C. Gallup, Hon. Alfred Anthony, Gen. E. C. Mauran,

DRY GOODS.

A. T. Stewart & Co.

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GREAT INDUCEMENTS

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SUMMER GOODS.

Friends, customers and strangers visiting the City will find extraordinary bargains, viz.:

A great choice of DOLLFUS, MIEG & CO.'S FRENCH PRINTED JACONETS, (fresh goods,) 25c. per yard, reduced from 50c.

BLACK AND COLORED SILK STRIPED AND BROCHE GRENADINES, 75c. and 87½c. per yard.

JAPANESE SILKS, in great variety, 62½c., 75c. and 87½c. per yard.

A BLACK IRON GRENADINES, best makes, 50c., 62½c. and 75c. per yard.

BLACK SILKS, for underskirts to the above, 62½c. and $1 to per yard.

CHAMBERY GAZE, in stripes and brocade, 75c. to $1 per yard.

FRENCH FOULARD SILKS, only 75c. per yard.

A large quantity of

FRENCH SUMMER SILKS,

striped and checked, $1 per yard.

Figured white PIQUE SHIRTINGS, from 50c. per yard.

Three cases (first delivery) new plain

Fall Silks, $1 25, $1 50 and $1 75

per yard.

BLACK SILKS, $1, $1 25, $1 75 and $2 per yard, much under value.

Also, a fresh importation of

BONNET, PONSON, GOURD and A. T. Stewart's Family Silks,

in all qualities.

Prices marked in plain figures.

BROADWAY, 4TH AV., 9TH AND 10TH STS.

A. T. Stewart & Co.,

On MONDAY, July 17,

Will make LARGE ADDITIONS to their stock of

READY-MADE DRESSES,

SACKS, &c.,

Which they have been offering

AT ABOUT THE COST OF MANUFACTURE.

MATERIAL THROWN IN, VIZ.:

WHITE LAWN and LINEN SUITS, handsome quality, in four prices, $1 10 each and upward.

SWISS MUSLIN DRESSES, extra fine quality, elaborately puffed, tucked, flounced, &c., &c., only $20; value, $30.

TRAVELING SUITS, DUSTERS, &c., &c., in every variety.

Embroidered and braided PIQUE MORNING DRESSES.

ORGANDIN and JACONET ROBES, with extra rich lace flounces.

MORNING WRAPPERS, very handsome, only $5 each.

CHILDREN'S BRAIDED DRESSES, very elegant, only $2 50 each and upward.

WHITE MUSLIN SKIRTS, nine tucks, excellent quality, only 75c. each.

BROCHE SKIRTS, very handsome, also 75c. each.

Every variety of

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S

Elegant Under-wear,

EMBROIDERED SACKS, COLLARS, CUFFS, &c., at nearly

PROPORTIONATELY LOW PRICES.

Offering an unusual opportunity to purchasers to supply their wants.

Please call and examine.

BROADWAY, 4TH AV., 9TH AND 10TH STS.

ARNOLD CONSTABLE & Co. BROADWAY

NEW-YORK.

Will continue to offer the balance of their MEDIUM AND RICH (this season's productions)

SUMMER DRESS GOODS,

TO CLOSE THE SEASON,

AT PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

CHINE BAREGES, WOOL FILLINGS, AT 12½ CENTS.

BLACK-GROUND BROCHE GRENADINES, 25 CENTS, (formerly 50c.)

FRENCH JACONETS, 15 CENTS, (formerly 25c.)

FRENCH JACONETS, 25 CENTS PER YARD, (formerly 50c.)

FRENCH ORGANDIES, 25 CENTS, (usual price 37½c.)

Fine assortment of PLAIN AND STRIPED SILK GRENADINES, GAZE CHAMBRAYS, CREPE DE PARIS, ARMURE GRENADINES, GAUZE BERGES, &c., &c.

ALSO,

SILK AND WOOL BERGES, CREPE DE CHINES, JAPANESE FOULARDS, MOHAIRS AND WASH POPLINS,

AT EQUALLY LOW PRICES.

THE BALANCE OF OUR STOCK OF SUMMER SHAWLS AT HALF-PRICE

N. B.—This store will be closed on SATURDAYS AT 2 P. M. DURING JULY AND AUGUST.

ARNOLD CONSTABLE & Co. BROADWAY

NEW-YORK.

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NO. 763 BROADWAY.

CLOSING OUT,

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WITHOUT RESERVE.

ON MONDAY,

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AT STILL FURTHER REDUCTION,

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BLACK AND FANCY SILKS,

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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF MOUSELINE GOODS

WHITE GOODS,

GLOVES, HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR,

SPECIAL BARGAINS

IN FRENCH CAMBRIC LAWNS, at 10c.

FRENCH PERCALES, at 12½c.,

Also, BLACK GRENENDINES, at one-half their value,

ON CENTRE TABLE.

Will be exhibited Remnants of every description of DRESS GOODS AT HALF PRICE.

Purchasers of DRESS GOODS will find this a most favorable opportunity, as the proprietors are closing out without reserve.

THOMAS TWEED & CO.,

NO. 763 BROADWAY,

BETWEEN 47TH AND 48TH STS.

Fountain's India Store,

Nos. 22 Fulton and 21 Ann-st., corner 120th-st., upstairs. Many unique and useful articles very cheap.

HAIR. HAIR.

SHAW'S PATENT HAIR

Can be combed and dressed without Switches, Ghatillons, &c.

Cheapest in the country. Switches, 22 inches, $1 in square; ghatillons, $5; cauls, $1. Ladies' own ghatillons dressed for 50c.

Depot, No. 122 Bowery, near Grand Jones-st.

MME. A. RUDOLPH'S SKIRTS FIT.

Best, 25c. SKIRTS FIT. Best, 25c. SKIRTS FIT. Best, 25c. SKIRTS FIT.

THE BIBLE AND THE SCHOOLS.

Startling Facts for Protestant Freemen.

The Catholics Expelling the Sacred Book from our Schools.

The Scriptures Not Read in Several Wards of This City.

Excuses and Explanations by Delinquent Teachers—The Board of Education Winking at a Plain Violation of Its Laws—

What Should be Done?

SECTION 44. *All the public schools of this City, under the jurisdiction of the Board of Education, shall be opened by the reading of a portion of the Holy Scriptures, without note or comment.*

SEC. 45. *The situation of a teacher or janitor shall be forfeited for disgraceful conduct, incompetency, or the wilful violation of any rule or regulation of the Board;* and no such teacher or janitor shall thereafter be employed in any school, unless the forfeiture is remitted by this Board. Every principal shall report to the proper Board of Trustees, and to this Board, all violations by teachers of the rules and regulations of this Board, of which the principal may be cognizant; and each pay-roll shall contain an allegation that the principal has duly reported each case of the violation, by a teacher included in a pay-roll, of the rules and regulations of this Board.

SEC. 46. *No payment shall be made to a teacher in whose case the provisions of this by-law have not been complied with.—Rules and By-Laws of the New-York Board of Education.*

The above quotations are made literally from the rules by which our public schools are governed. That the Bible is not read in all the schools, and that delinquent teachers are not punished for such delinquency, will be plain to those who may peruse the following line of facts, gathered by our enterprising reporters. The entire City has been scoured with a view of ascertaining who were the guilty parties, and these are now held up for the popular condemnation. That the priests have been partially successful in the work of expelling the sacred book from our midst will probably arouse the community to the danger of the situation, and lead to some action by which the calamity may be averted.

THE SIXTH WARD.

The Catholics of the Sixth Ward make up three-fourths of the population. They are strongly prejudiced, and wholly under the control of the priests, and the teachers and principals in the public schools are nearly all of their faith. These facts were naturally borne in mind when the tour of the ward was commenced. Grammar School No. 23, in City Hall-place, was the first visited. Mr. WM. MULLANY is its Principal, and is the only one it ever had, having held the position for nearly twenty-five years. He appeared somewhat averse at first to speaking about the main topic, and desirous of turning the conversation upon the general condition of the school, upon the studies pursued, and the characteristics of the pupils and their parents. Finally, however, as if tired of beating about the bush, he came to the point, and gave a full and satisfactory answer.

"What edition of the Bible have you here?" asked the reporter.

"We haven't any," said Mr. MULLANY.

"You do not read it?"

"Oh, no, never," replied Mr. MULLANY, in a tone which implied, "Of course, we don't. What a silly question!"

"May I ask you how long this has been the case?"

"Why, Sir, we haven't read it for twenty years or more. In fact, I don't believe a Bible ever was inside of this building."

A little skirmishing followed this, and was brought to an abrupt termination by the following question from the reporter:

"You cannot be ignorant, Sir, of the regulation requiring the reading of the Bible?"

"Yes, I no manee, Sir."

"And do you every month report your disobedience to the Board of Education?"

"We do, Sir."

"Do you ever assign a reason for your conduct?"

"Well, no," replied Mr. MULLANY; "it is an understood thing, so to say. There was a strong agitation about the matter in 1861, or near that time, and the salaries of all the teachers in the schools where the Scriptures were not read, were suspended by the Board of Education for six months or more; but in the end we were all restored, and authorized to continue doing what we had done without hindrance, provided only, we held our tongues about it."

Here Mr. MULLANY paused for a moment to reflect, and then suddenly continued in a somewhat altered tone.

"I see what you want," he said. "and I might as well speak to the point. The long and short of the matter is simply this: We Catholics are opposed to the reading of the Scriptures in the public schools, for the reason that it is a Protestant form. The Protestants open all their meetings and begin all their public proceedings with it, and when they endeavor to make us do the same they wish to impose their forms upon us, so they will not care to submit. Our custom under similar circumstances is to make the sign of the cross and to utter the blessing, 'In the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.' Now, if Protestants are willing to make use of that form on opening the schools, we are quite willing to use theirs. I said this same thing recently to a Protestant Principal up-town, and he laughed at me; but, I guess, he appreciated my reason. That, Sir, is my only motive, for I consider the reading of the Book of no great importance either way. If we wanted to give our children certain impressions, we would take them to hear mass in the morning before putting them at their studies; but as for the hurried reading of a passage from the Bible, that is not worth a thought. And yet, of course, the parents of our pupils would not allow it if they could help it. They would certainly take their children away, and the school and the one in Elm-street, would be closed in a month. Father CURRAN, of the church across the way, has no parochial school, but if he hadn't perfect confidence in us, he would open one, and would reduce our attendance here by three-fourths in a single week."

Miss MARY J. GALLAGHER is the Principal of the girl's department. The reporter found an opportunity, subsequently, to enter into conversation with her, and among other topics spoke of the parochial school attached to the Church of the Transfiguration in Mott-street. It is the only one in the Ward, but has a larger attendance than any of the public schools, as affects the latter severely. Miss GALLAGHER said that considerable fears were entertained lest Father CURRAN, of the Church of St. Andrews, would open a school of the same kind. If he did so, it would be certain ruin to the public schools. Every now and then a rumor was circulated that the catastrophe was impending, and all who were interested were frightened out of their wits; but as yet they had escaped the danger. To be sure, great care was taken to see that Father CURRAN was perfectly satisfied with the conduct of the public schools in the Ward; but that might not be sufficient to restrain him always.

Ward School No. 24, located at No. 66 Elm-street, is presided over by Mr. JAMES M. SWEENY, an aged gentleman, who, by the way, is not related to Mr. PETER B. SWEENY, although he once had the happiness of being his instructor.

"Do you read the Bible here?" asked the reporter.

"Well," said Mr. SWEENY, much embarrassed and running his fingers through his hair, "well, I tell you what, Sir, we let each one do that for himself. We haven't done it here for a good many years. Of course, there's a law commanding it; but then, you see, Catholics and Jews make up nearly the whole of our attendance, and the Catholics are opposed to the reading of the Scriptures without comment, and the Jews to the reading of the New Testaments. Now, to tell you the truth, Sir"—and here Mr. SWEENY waxed very soft and gentle—"I don't like to offend the sentiments of the children, I don't like to hurt their feelings. When I come across passages in the text-books and we sometimes meet them—which reflect upon the Jews or their religion, I always skip them, if I can. It would be painful to me to go on."

In the primary schools in Bayard and Mott streets, answers were given to the same effect as the preceding.

Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL is one of the School Trustees in the Sixth Ward. He has a grog-shop, No. 62 Centre-street. When the reporter visited him he found that gentleman sitting upon a whisky barrel in his shop, and ready to answer any questions that might be put to him. Unfortunately, his information was all of a negative character. He had been Trustee, he said, for about eight years, but he wasn't quite sure whether or not there ever was a regulation which required the reading of the Scriptures in the schools. He thought there might be, but he hadn't paid much attention to the subject. "When I wint into me place here," he said, "an' that's a-goin' on eight year, the Bobble wasn't a-bein' read, an', ehure, I didn't ax any questions about it. I guiss it's all right, it is, an' they've fixed it wid the Board av Eddycashun, so as there won't be nothing sed about it. P'raps 'twas so always, and mebbe 'twasn't. Anyhow I couldn't, 'pon me honor, till ye say thing about it. See?"

That the Principals of the Sixth Ward schools endeavor to find grace in the eyes of the clergy of their faith and deserve their complete confidence, may be inferred from their action on a certain notable occasion in 1869. At that time there was considerable discussion among the people on the question of instruction in the public schools, for many asserted that the studies were much too varied and arduous to be good for the pupils. The agitation after a while became so great that the Commissioners of the Board of Education appointed a time at which they proposed to hear what the teachers had to say on the subject, and the various associations of the latter sent delegates accordingly to express their opinions. The representatives of the Male Principals' Association were Mr. DAVID B. SCOTT, of Grammar School No. 40, and Mr. THOMAS HUNTER, of Grammar School No. 47. Both did their say, and in Mr. HUNTER'S speech the following passage occurred:

"The asceticism of the middle ages, with its hard, dry tasks, its vain repetitions, its stupid memorizings, its useless culture (if culture it might be called when caused men to hate each other, and made them narrow-minded bigots), has disappeared to a great extent before the sun of natural science. Children should be happy in school; their lessons should be pleasant, and interesting there should be variety and novelty, and the faculty of curiosity should never be crushed out by continually reviewing the same thing."

Very true, and at the same time inoffensive remarks, one would say these were; but the school Principals of the Sixth Ward thought otherwise. At the next meeting of their Association, Messrs. SCOTT and HUNTER present, they denounced the latter for saying what was quoted above, and seemed him of striking thereby at the Catholic clergy of New-York City. He had no right to refer to history for illustration, nor to insinuate that education in the hands of priests was not perfectly successful. And in conclusion they called for a vote of censure upon the offender. The proposition was, of course, received with ridicule, but its supporters were in dead earnest, and created such a commotion that the Association was brought to the verge of dissolution, and thereby they satisfied the wounded feelings of their reverend fathers and their own consciences.

MISS M'CAFFERY'S DOUAY BIBLE.

There is a school in the Twenty-first Ward which has been in existence not more than a year or two. It is a primary school, and is situated in Thirty-second-street, near Third-avenue. It would be exceedingly surprising were it anything but a successful institution, for its Principal, Miss SARA J. J. MCCAFFERY is a lady, young, energetic, keen, pretty, and full of vitality, besides being a graduate of the famous Twelfth-street School and of the Normal College. When the TIMES reporter entered her school she was absent, and until she should return he was requested to take a seat behind her desk, and beside the chair which she usually occupies. The room was prettily and profusely ornamented with flowers, and the wood-work was polished and bright. That about Miss MCCAFFERY'S desk and platform was especially so, and in addition, every foot of surface bore a cross, in relief. The reporter's eye roved carelessly over these, and other objects in the room, until it presently fell upon a large Bible, which reposed on a cushion before him. It was of the same size as the ordinary edition in the other schools, but was differently bound. He bent forward and looked closely at the cover, and discovered upon it a large cross, in black and gold, but above and beneath the cross the printed words:

Department of Public Instruction—Primary School No. 14.

The reporter ventured still further. He opened the book, and from the silence succeeded that it was a Douay version of the Bible. Then he resumed his seat, and waited; and while he did so assistant teachers walked in and out of the room constantly, and he was left alone not a moment.

Soon afterward a lady of medium size, and of a decided and undaunted air, made her appearance. It was Miss SARA J. J. MCCAFFERY. After the few words necessary to introduce himself, the reporter said:

"I see you read the Bible here, Miss MCCAFFERY?"

"To be sure we do," she replied.

"The King James version?"

"No, not now," she said smilingly; "I am a Catholic, you know."

"The Board of Education is clearly prohibited," she continued, "from dictating what version of the Scriptures shall be used, and I, of course, am empowered to read whichever I please. Being a Catholic, I very properly believe in the Douay version, and—what do you think?—I sent to the Board of Education for it. Ha, ha, ha! I did not take one of my own to school here, but actually sent to them for it. Well, they were astonished; that, of course. They were entirely unprepared for such a demand. Anybody, however, who knows me, knows that I am not easily abashed, and I took no notice of their surprise; that a bill has been presented to the Trustees by SLOTE, WOODMAN & CO. for said Bible; that as Bibles appear upon the list of supplies of the Board for Examinations, that is a proper charge against the Trustees but against your honorable body.

For the reason above set forth, the Trustees herewith return to your honorable body the bill for said Bible, without their approval.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

RICHARD C. REAMISH,
J. C. HALLAHAN,
MICHAEL MARTIN,
HENRY MCGABE.

"But I have no doubt," continued Miss MCCAFFERY, "that this communication will be smothered in the same manner as the other has been."

No doubt it would have been, had not the Board of Education been here placed in a very peculiar position. The list of books which are to be supplied for the public schools contains Bibles, of course, but they are quarto, morocco-bound and gilt-edged, of the value of $10, and if more than that is paid for one, it becomes necessary to keep the receipted bill as a voucher. Whereas, now a King James Bible is quite cheap, on account of the immense number sold. A Douay Bible is the very reverse as to cost. The following is a copy of the bill sent to the Board for Miss MCCAFFERY'S Bible:

NEW-YORK, May 5, 1871.

Trustees of the Twenty-first Ward,
Bought of SLOTE, WOODMAN & CO.:
One large 4to Douay Bible, full morocco..... $25 00
Ten per cent..... 2 50
$22 50

Our reporter found this bill in the hands of Mr. KIERNAN, the clerk of the Board. It can hardly be said that he ascertained its whereabouts until after considerable inquiry. Everybody connected with the Board was anxious to know what "was up," what was wanted of the bill, and why certain other papers were asked for. But that was natural. The reporter endeavored also to secure a copy of the first communication sent to the Board by the Trustees of the Twenty-first Ward. Mr. KIERNAN was sick at the time it was received, and was represented by Mr. DAVENPORT. To the latter the reporter, therefore, turned for information. He found that gentleman a curious compound of innocence, forgetfulness and ambiguity; and it required close and persistent questioning to secure an answer of any value. After a while he confessed that he did recollect receiving the communication in question, but he said it had been referred to the Committee on Supplies. Mr. MALONE was in charge of the papers belonging to said Committee, but he could find only the second communication, that is, the one printed above. The gentleman to whom, in person, Mr. DAVENPORT had delivered the other paper was Mr. WATSON, and Mr. WATSON is sick. What, therefore, was to be done? Why, to take for granted what Mr. DAVENPORT admitted was by no means impossible, that the detestable document is no longer in existence, and that the bill and the second communication might have come to a similar fate, were it not that SLOTE, WOODMAN & CO. had not yet been paid.

FOURTH WARD.

The reading of the Bible has not been heard in the schools of the Fourth Ward for the past eleven years. It was banished by order of the Board of Trustees simultaneously with the action of the Trustees in the Fourteenth Ward. The Commissioners of Education considered the proceedings as a violation of their rules, and they accordingly instructed Mr. BOSSE, the Clerk, not to pay any of the teachers in the Ward. Great excitement ensued, and the teachers combined together for the purpose of compelling Mr. BOSSE to give them their salaries. A suit was instituted in one of the Courts, but the merits of the case were never decided upon. The contestants gained the cause, however, through a technicality, the defendant allowing the case to go by default. It is related that one of the Trustees, named EDWARD, carried off the Sacred Book from School No. 1 under his arm one morning during the heat of the trouble, with a view of relieving the Principal from any embarrassment in the matter. The various departments in the same school are now almost entirely filled with Catholic teachers, the total number of children under their charge being 1,100. When the TIMES reporter visited the school the teachers and scholars of the male department were engaged in observing Ascension Thursday by singing and other exercises.

In rendering his monthly report to the City Superintendent, Mr. O'DONNELL, Principal of the male department of School No. 1 makes mention of the fact that section 44 of the rules of the Central Board are not complied with in his own school, or in Primary Schools Nos. 13 and 14 in the same Ward. There are two large parish schools in the Ward, in which numerous young people are taught, instead of being permitted to enter the public schools. The Trustees of the Ward include two liquor-dealers and three politicians.

FOURTEENTH WARD.

There are three schools in the Fourteenth Ward, in all of which the Bible has been laid on the shelf. In School No. 21, in Marion-street, it has not been read for the last fifteen years. The number of children in the school in place is nearly 1,000 at the present time. The teachers are all Catholics, with one or two exceptions. At School No. 20, in Baxter-street, there are only eight or ten Protestants, all told, in the girls' department. The teachers in the Ward neglect to make any report to the Board of Inspectors of their failure to comply with the forty-fourth section. Several of the Catholic teachers make loud complaints against the parochial schools which are striving, they say, to undermine the public schools. They do not hesitate to assert that the standard of learning is far greater in the public than the parish schools. The Trustees of the Fourteenth Ward are Catholics.

SIXTEENTH WARD.

The schools in this Ward, five in number, are under the direction of five Trustees, all of whom are Catholics and Democrats, with one exception. The Catholic edition of the Bible is read in two departments in one of the schools at present in this Ward are very inimical to the schools, and lend all their influence toward decreasing the attendance of Catholic children. The Principals and teachers frequently find this secret influence to be a source of serious annoyance, and have had to put forward great efforts in preventing any great diminution in their classes. The number of parochial schools in the Ward is unusually large, and the Catholic clergy give them their warm support by urging parents belonging to their faith to send their children to the schools in question.

In Grammar School No. 18, in East Fifty-second-street, the Lord's Prayer is not recited as a part of the regular morning exercises. It was stopped about a year ago by order of the Trustees. The present Principal of the primary department of the school, who is a Catholic, succeeded a Protestant lady, and the majority of the teachers under her belong to the same faith.

At Grammar School No. 27, in East Forty-second-street, there are two departments in which the Douai version of the Bible is read. In one of them, the male department, the children are about equally divided between Protestants and Catholics. The largest number of the latter believers in the latter faith. In the primary department, where the Douai edition is also read, the Principal and several of her teachers are Catholics. In the girls' department, which contains 300 children, about one-half of whom are Protestants, the Old Testament is the only portion of the Bible which is read, the New Testament being omitted by the Principal in deference to the feelings of a large number of Jewish scholars who study there. All of the teachers in the department are Catholics, with but one exception. The Lord's Prayer has not been recited in the school since the time of its organization in 1864. Among the parochial schools in the Ward is one connected with the Church of the Dominican Fathers, corner of Sixty-fifth-street, in which great opposition is made to the public school system. The children attending the Church are ordered not to attend the public schools on religious holidays. The new school attached to the Church of St. John the Evangelist, in East Fifteenth-street, contains about 600 steady scholars, induced to attend there instead of going to the public schools. The school known as the St. Boniface School, corner of Second-avenue and Forty-seventh-street, also attracts a considerable number of pupils away from the public schools. Many Catholic children who generally get their instruction at the public schools, are kept away from the latter for months in succession, in order to prepare them for yearly confirmation or first communion in the Catholic Church. During the period of their absence they are sent to some parochial school, but as soon as they have been confirmed and admitted to communion, they are withdrawn from the school and sent back to public school. Teachers in the public schools say that the course of studies pursued at parochial schools is very inferior to that in the former institutions, and complaints are made by them of children coming before the public for the sectarian education are, on their return to the former, rarely more advanced than when they left. It often occurs that a pupil who comes back after a year's parochial tuition is placed in a lower class than the one which he or she left, thus proving, say the common school defenders, that the latter is the best of the two. It is the superiority which probably influences many Catholic parents to maintain their sons and daughters at the public schools despite the commands of their clergy.

TWENTY-FIRST WARD.

The Bible is read in the three schools in the Twenty-first Ward, although the one used by Miss MCCAFFERY, Principal of Primary School No. 16, in East Thirty-second-street, is the Douai edition. This was lately substituted for the King James version, with the approval of a majority of the present local Board. The recitation of the Lord's Prayer was stopped in all the departments of the different schools in the Ward in January, 1870, by order of the trustees. Previous to this time the beautiful invocation to the Supreme Being formed for years one of the most interesting parts of the morning exercises of the pupils, but it was ruthlessly stopped to gratify the religious feelings of some of the clergy in the Board. Among those who sustained the measure were Trustees GEHEGAN, O'HALLORAN and MCCABE. The only member who opposed it was Mr. STEPHENSON, the car-builder, and it is well known that this gentleman, although a warm friend of the public schools, and a Trustee in the Twenty-first Ward for many years, has not since been returned to office. Some of the teachers occasionally hear reports that certain priests urged parents worshiping at their churches not to send their children to the public schools, and it was sometimes found, on investigation, that Catholic parents paid the price of tuition at the parochial schools while keeping their children in the City's schools.

Nearly all the new teachers in the Ward are Catholics. One of them who is a Vice-Principal in the school in East Thirty-seventh-street, who was in broad terms a school down town for still a vacancy. It is claimed that her qualifications for the place are not such as should be possessed by a Vice-Principal of a large department, and that her appointment was not based on her superior merit. The dominant members of the Board of Trustees, which controls school affairs in the Twenty-first Ward at the present time, are Catholics. One of the most bitter opponents of the public school system in the Ward is Father CLOWERY, pastor of St. Gabriel's Church, in East Thirty-sixth-street. The scholars, who receive instruction at the parish school connected with his church number about 1,000. It is mentioned by a public school Principal that little Catholic children who go to public school instead of the parish school are tormented by the children of the latter when they attend Sunday-school at St. Gabriel's Church. It is also alleged that epithets such as the expression "little Protestants" are used toward them by the Sunday-school teachers, and that they are ordered to sit one side. The same spirit of bigotry against the public schools is also found among the clergy at the church, who are probably responsible for its existence among their communicants. It is asserted, on good authority, that a mission priest, during some remarks delivered at St. Gabriel's Church, in which he attacked the public school system, told his hearers that if they wanted their children to steal, or swear, or do all kinds of evil, they had only to send them to the public schools. The feeling became so strong among the Catholic clergy in the Ward at one time that an ecclesiastical investigation was commenced against Dr. MCGLYNN, of St. Stephen's Church, in East Twenty-eighth-street, at the instigation of a neighboring priest, because he had shown himself to be friendly toward the Public Schools and failed to maintain a parish school in connection with his church. The result was that he was thereafter compelled to be more careful in his advocacy of the public school cause. Among those who regularly worship at Father CLOWERY'S church, which is one of the worst enemies of the public schools, is the Clerk of the Board of Public Instruction.

SEVENTEENTH WARD.

In the Seventeenth Ward the reporter found himself engaged in a pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Persons who were formerly school officers, but are school officers no longer, who are engaged in commercial pursuits and perfectly independent of clique, sect, or party, of priest or potentate, replied with the greatest caution to the questions which they were asked, or refused to reply at all. In fact the obstructions encountered were so many and varied that to describe them in detail would be simply tedious, and for that reason, leaving them all to the imagination of the reader, this story is brought down to the result of our reporter's labors.

The Board of School Trustees was formerly Republican, but to-day has changed its complexion. The material of which it is now composed is so remarkable as to be worth especial comment. Last year there were three Democrats in the Board—that is, a working majority; but it was a working majority only on political questions. One of the Democrats was a German free-thinker, and was decidedly opposed to the reading of the Bible in the schools, or to any religious exercise; and a proposition to abolish it would always have his vote, whether he had a wish to go still further or not. Another was a politician, by the name of MCNIERNEY, a gentleman who is more famous for taking a trip to the City Hall once every month, together with a great many other Tammany politicians, than he is for a brilliant education or remarkable talents, and who is at present a Marshal in Justice KANE'S District Court. Immediately upon his election as School Trustee he is said to have announced himself publicly to be the champion of Roman Catholicism, which he has since remained faithful to the trust which he then assumed, if one is to judge from what he has done under that standard, and what he has attempted to do. He and Mr. DIECKS, the German free-thinker, were therefore perfectly agreed on the preliminary steps to be taken concerning religious exercises in the schools, as well as on all political questions.

The third Democrat, however, happened to be a Protestant and Tammany Democrat. When he was called upon to vote on a political motion he went invariably with his Democratic associates; but religiously, his sympathies were with the Republicans of the Board, and no argument could draw him away from that side. Under these circumstances Mr. MCNIERNEY found himself sorely baffled. To complete his confusion, Mr. DIECKS, his ally, was at the time Chairman of the Board, so that he had not even an opportunity of bringing up one of his proposed religious raids for discussion. On a certain day, for instance, (and it was not long after his election,) he arose during a session of the Trustees, and proposed that the reading of the Bible in the schools be forthwith abolished. Inasmuch as the resolution was not seconded Mr. MCNIERNEY therefore looked to the Forth-of-Ireland Protestant to second his motion. But that gentleman said not a word. A dead silence ensued for a moment, and then, in quiet disgust, the still-born babe was buried.

That was only a momentary defeat, however, for Mr. MCNIERNEY rightly considered that the Board would not always retain the same complexion, and that the moment a chance would occur, he might strike again. Since then, Mr. CREGAN has been ousted from his position, and the Board stands now as follows:

MICHAEL MCNIERNEY, Democrat, champion of Roman Catholicism.

BARZ. VAN BUREN, Democrat, but American Protestant.

CLEMENT DIECKS, Democrat, Free-thinker.

JOHN HOWE, Republican.

JOHN DE LAMATER, Republican, but school officer for thirty-two years, and too old to do much work.

MCNIERNEY, therefore, finds himself in the same difficulty as before, since VAN BUREN, although a Democrat, and a Tammany Hall Democrat, is also an American Protestant, and will consequently vote with the self-constituted champion of Roman Catholicism in political but not in religious questions. And still, what of that? VAN BUREN'S time will come, as has come that of others, and a vacancy will then take his place; and then Mr. MCNIERNEY can accomplish that after which he has thirsted so long.

Having thus shown by what circumstances Mr. MCNIERNEY has been baffled, this story is brought down to the details of what he has attempted. There was one school in particular which he seemed to mark out for special hostility as soon as he assumed his position as Trustee; he lunged out at once in every direction; but for the school in question, he appeared to reserve the full weight of all his fetich and enmity. Not that he wished to destroy it altogether—that is hardly probable. But he evidently desired to bring it so low and ebb that its Principal, who was too independent a Protestant, would be dismissed as inefficient, and room thus be made for some friend of his own, and some pliant servant of the Church. And, indeed, he came near succeeding in his design. Through his instrumentality old teachers were removed and new ones placed in their places, without consulting the Principal, according to usage, new ones were appointed, who were so scandalously inefficient that it became the talk of the Ward. One had so little command over the pupils that she was unable to restrain little children from throwing turnips, onions and potatoes about the room, and from creating generally a shameful uproar. They left the room when it pleased them, and entered it when they chose to, and behaved themselves in every way so recklessly, except when the Principal happened to be present, that parents had to choose between serious injury to the interests and education of their children, on the one hand, and their removal from the school on the other. And, of course, they could not hesitate in making their choice, however much they might sympathize with the Principal who was to suffer by it. When the pressure on the teacher in question became too notorious to be safely continued, she was, of course, removed, but she was succeeded by another equally inefficient, and when the second one gave way, it was to make room for another who was no better. This system of attack was kept up for a whole year, and the result was to be expected. In fact, it was surprising to find the injury so great. One would have expected the school to go to pieces hence-with; instead of which the attendance was only so far lessened that in accordance with the law bearing upon the question, the Principal's salary was cut down by $260. At the same time there came another attack upon the school, although from a different quarter, and one that fell more upon all the schools of the Ward alike. Nineteenth-street boasts of a parish school, and Twenty-fifth-street is proud of another. Both schools are large and well attended, and no wonder, for the Roman Catholics of the Ward have been urged by their clergy, even as in other districts of the City, to take their children from the public, and confine them to the parish schools; and in case of noncompliance they have been threatened with excommunication and all the other terrors that are in store for recreant children of the Church. There was a time when in some of the schools, Roman Catholic children were heard to call their schoolmates "Black Protestants," and from the pulpit from the parish schools met others upon the public schools in the streets, and spoke to them about the sin they were committing in taking their education from the hands of the State. In fact, in the Sixteenth, as well as in all the other wards of the City, it was found that the only salvation for the public schools lay in their immeasurable superiority to the parish schools; for by that parents who took their children from the former and brought them to the latter were, in time, forced to return them, however small their stock of common sense might be, and however strong their sense of the duty of obedience to their spiritual guides.

By the pressure from this side, and that from the Trustees combined, marked injury was done to the Public School in question, but inasmuch as the Principal clung to his position resolutely, and appeared determined to fight against all odds, and in addition public sympathy was showing itself so strongly in his behalf, that superiors in his party became alarmed. Mr. MCNIERNEY concluded to draw what advantage he could from the situation at once, since he found it impossible, for the present, to carry out his schemes in full. He paid the Principal a visit, and commenced a fatherly conversation with him. The grammar which he used it is almost impossible to reproduce, and for that reason the substance only of what he said is here given. He spoke of his unfeigned sorrow at the decline in the attendance at the school, and as the consequent necessity of cutting down the Principal's salary; of his high regard for said principal and of his administration for the public school system. In this strain he continued for a considerable time; but presently the object he was aiming at became apparent, and finally he cautiously, and in a kind of incidental way, asked if it was not owing to the reading of the Bible that the state of things had come to be what it then was.

Mr. MCNIERNEY evidently expected the Principal to answer in the affirmative, since in that case he, as a teacher, could in no way be held to blame. He found himself, however, mistaken in his man. He received a reply that was in no way to his purpose, and retired baffled and angry. He revenged himself as well as he could. In the school there was a janitor named DONALDSON, a temperate, well-behaved man, and as well fitted for his duties as one could hope to find, far or near. Him MCNIERNEY had ousted at once, and in his place he stationed one of his friends, a gentleman who is known as Hon. RODY RUSH. The disgust which this act created among the teachers in all the schools of the Ward affected him in no particular. Hon. RODY RUSH is janitor today.

Mr. MCNIERNEY attempted a somewhat similar change in another school—that in Twentieth-street, near Seventh-avenue, which for many years has had as organist a Mr. ELDER, a competent gentleman, a great favorite with the pupils, and an enthusiast in his work, who, for a long time, it is said, served without a salary because there was no fund out of which he could be paid. Him, MCNIERNEY marked as a victim, proposing as a substitute an organist who has been employed in a Roman Catholic Church. When, however, the contemplated change became known to the pupils in the school, they expressed their indignation so warmly, notwithstanding the timid silence of their teachers, that MCNIERNEY was forced to give way before their threatened rebellion.

Of the female department of the same school Mrs. HANNAH M. ROURKE is Principal. It is stated on good authority that she one day received a visit from MCNIERNEY, and was asked by him to discontinue the reading of the Bible from that time forth; but she refused to do so. What she does admit, however, is that she was prohibited from saying the Lord's prayer, and that she returned an answer which implied her determination to do as she pleased in the matter. So that, whether Mrs. ROURKE is afraid to offend the whole truth or not, it is as any rate certain that MCNIERNEY failed again.

A recent scandal for a School Trusteeship was Mr. BERRIAN, of Eighteenth-street, near Ninth-avenue. He was nominated by Tammany and Mozart Halls combined, and is, moreover, a popular man in the ward, and a straightforward, intelligent gentleman, a friend of the public schools and of liberal views. It was considered a moral certainty, therefore, that he would be elected. That he was strongly in favor of reading the Bible in the schools was known to some, but whether Mr. MCNIERNEY knew it or not is hard to say; at any rate he never questioned Mr. BERRIAN on that point. But if he did not do it personally, it was done none the less. Shortly before the day of election Mr. BERRIAN was visited by three strangers, who came to make certain inquiries. Among other questions put was this:

"Are you in favor of taking the Bible out of the schools?"

"I shall vote in favor of reading the Bible as long as I can stick to speak; and when I have lost my power of speech I shall hold up my right hand."

And, notwithstanding his personal popularity, his upright character, and the exceptionally strong ticket on which he ran, Mr. BERRIAN was defeated.

FIFTH WARD.

The Fifth Ward has been for years strongly Protestant. There was a time (and it was not long ago) when the Bible was read at the closing as well as the opening of the schools, and the rumors of encroachments on the part of the Roman Catholic Church came from a distance and seemed vague and dreamy. The Public School Society, which preceded the present Board of Trustees, was composed of men who were wealthy, of strong convictions and high principles, and cherished a deep interest in the public school system. Since then things have changed. Two Trustees out of the five are Roman Catholics, and although they seem to be well-disposed men, fears are expressed that the time will come when there will be a third man of their faith in the Committee, and they will either have to obey the dictates of their superiors in the church, or be replaced by others who are more faithful.

The turn things will take in time may be seen from what has already transpired. Several years ago Mr. WM. H. JOHNSON was one of the trustees. He was a man of wealth, a Democrat, and an adherent to Tammany Hall; but unfortunately for himself, he was a native American. Notwithstanding his political affiliations, he was also a good citizen, a good friend of the public school system, and an educated man; and when, therefore, his term expired in the Fall of 1866, a committee of citizens interested in the education of the children of New-York, waited on the Democratic leader in the ward to secure his assistance for the renomination of Mr. JOHNSON. The chief of the Democratic hosts in the Fifth Ward is to-day Hon. TERENCE DUFFY; but before the rebellion of the Young Democracy and its disastrous overthrow, the leader in question was Hon. MIKE MURPHY. To him, then, the Committee betook themselves. They showed that Mr. JOHNSON was a staunch Tammany Hall Democrat, and in many a good school officer, and they were on the point of showing various other interesting facts, when Mr. MURPHY interrupted them with the following:

"Yis, gentlemin, this is all very good, be shure, but the toime is past whin American Democrats are sagin' to be elicted to offices in the Fifth Ward, an' besides, we have got a man in view that we mane to come agin very soon. We don't want any American Democrats; bedad, an' we don't. We can't git along widout 'em."

And the result was that Mr. JOHNSON was not renominated, and that his place is now filled by Hon. CORNELIUS QUINN.

That there is any Roman Catholic parish-schools in the Fifth Ward is hardly surprising, since in Barclay-street is the famous one of the pious Father QUINN, and in Thompson-street, near Canal, there is one being erected, in connection with the Church of St. Alphonse, which will be of such unusual dimensions as to be able to accommodate all the children between the Eighth Ward and the factory of Mr. JEREMIAH LEGGATT, of the firm of LEGGATT & DENNISON, and formerly clerk to the local Board. Our reporter met him the other day, and the conversation turned upon the designs of the Catholics in that quarter of the City.

"It was only," said he, "by the most strenuous exertions that we prevented them from securing a majority of the trustees this year. Until 1867 or 1868 they had affected an entry into the Board for not a single one of their partisans, but how matters stand now you can see for yourself. To be sure, the Catholics who are in the Board at present seem to be very quiet, well-meaning gentlemen, but remember, Sir, that they are as yet in the minority. Have you never seen what a change comes over men when from the weaker party they become the stronger? And that is what they are going to become here. To be sure, Mayor HALL has now the power of appointing our school trustees; but what difference does that make? He will be careful and politic, as the Democratic Party and the Roman Catholic Church always are, and for a time we will see nothing to alarm us. The first trustee he will appoint will probably be a Protestant, but the next one will be a Romanist, and perhaps the third one. At the same time he will always endeavor to avoid anything like a show of evil plans, though he will be continually at work undermining us, until one day, to our astonishment, we will find ourselves in the hands of our enemies."

FIRST WARD.

There are five schools in the First Ward which are not public, three of them being charitable and intended for the children of the street, one a private school for children who wish to learn German, and the fifth the parochial school connected with St. Peter's Church in Barclay-street. The latter has 400 pupils or more, and is under the superintendence of Rev. Father QUINN, who two or three times a year indulges in a furious tirade against the public schools, their founders, supporters, and pupils. Last year he threw sixty-five children in a single week from the school in Greenwich-street. He warns the parents of the public school pupils, denounces them, and threatens them with all the punishments which his Church has called into existence for the soul of man, since over the body he has no authority. His listeners go away frightened, and take their children from the public school, send them to Father QUINN'S parochial school, and there he contrives to keep four hundred or more year in and year out.

Father QUINN'S name will be on the list of candidates for the Bishopric of New-York which is to be sent to Rome, and on the best authority it is said that he is the chosen man. He is considered one of the most cautious, resolute and long-headed prelates in the United States, and is held to represent the sentiments of a great majority of American Catholics.

The Trustees of the Ward are influential, and moreover a remarkable set of men. The following are their names and occupations:

PETER DISCH, immigrant's lodging-house, No. 85 Greenwich-street.

PATRICK BALDWIN, liquors, No. 13 Washington-street.

WM. KENNY, undertaking, (ostensibly,) but his name was forgotten in making up the City Directory, and his business here is slack, he is always at leisure. He has political influence.

JOHN O'CONNOR, junk and politics.

DENNIS KEENAN, liquors, No. 42 Greenwich-street.

In other Wards it was found that the Bible was still read, but the cruelty priests and their cunning dupes are zealously working everywhere for the total extermination of the Bible, and nothing short of this will satisfy them. Shall American freemen submit?

A Batch of Accidents.

When going to the fire at the corner of Hudson and Charlton streets, at an early hour yesterday morning, CHARLES MOORE, fireman of Engine Company No. 30, who lives at No. 235 Spring-street, was thrown from the tender by a sudden jolt, and the wheel passed over his right leg, inflicting a severe flesh wound.

AUGUSTA DROST, a German woman, twenty-two years of age, yesterday morning attempted to kindle a fire at her residence, No. 113 Washington-street, by using kerosene-oil. The flames ignited her clothes, and she was severely burned. She was taken to Park Hospital.

JAMES CONGORAN, an Irish laborer, who lived in Twenty-first-street, near Second-avenue, fell dead while at work yesterday on the new church at the corner of Lexington-avenue and Fifty-fifth-street, it is supposed from sunstroke. The body was taken to the Nineteenth Precinct Station-house.

WM. GRIFFIN, aged eight years, residing at No. 98 Lewis-street, fell into the river at the foot of Broome-street, and was drowned.

MARTIN SCHEIFER, residing at No. 513 Second-avenue, received a severe cut in the head and had his left arm fractured yesterday by falling from a wagon at Hunter's Point.

JOHN BAUMANN, aged three years, residing at the corner of Fifty-second-street and Seventh-avenue, was run over by a furniture wagon, driven by JOSEPH SANDS, yesterday, and received severe injuries in the head. The driver was held for examination.

Yesterday MARY HALEY, an Irish woman, fifty years of age, broke her thigh, by a fall from the yard of her residence, at No. 94 Park-street, to the cellar.

THOMAS MADDEN, aged forty-five years, residing at No. 249 West Thirty-first-street, tripped up in the yard of his house and broke his leg.

JOHN KOCH, seven years of age, residing at No. 615 East Twelfth-street, was run over by a wagon, and had his leg broken.

Arrests for Crime.

JAMES GENGH was arrested yesterday on a charge of smuggling 6,000 cigars from Havana to this City per the steamer *Morro Castle*. He was committed for examination by Commissioner DAVENPORT.

ANNE BROWN was committed yesterday by Justice HOGAN on a charge of stealing $99 from JOHN KRAUSSMAN, while he was in her company on the previous night in a house on Dover-street. The complainant was sent to the House of Detention.

Yesterday morning FRITZ BUCKERT, proprietor of a grocery-store at No. 1,578 Second-avenue, discovered JOHN BROWN in the act of robbing his money-drawer. The latter leaped over the counter and fled, pursued by Mr. BUCKERT down the avenue. At the corner of Eighty-second-street two men rushed out, and one of them grabbed him by the shoulder and the other knocked him down. A citizen named JOH